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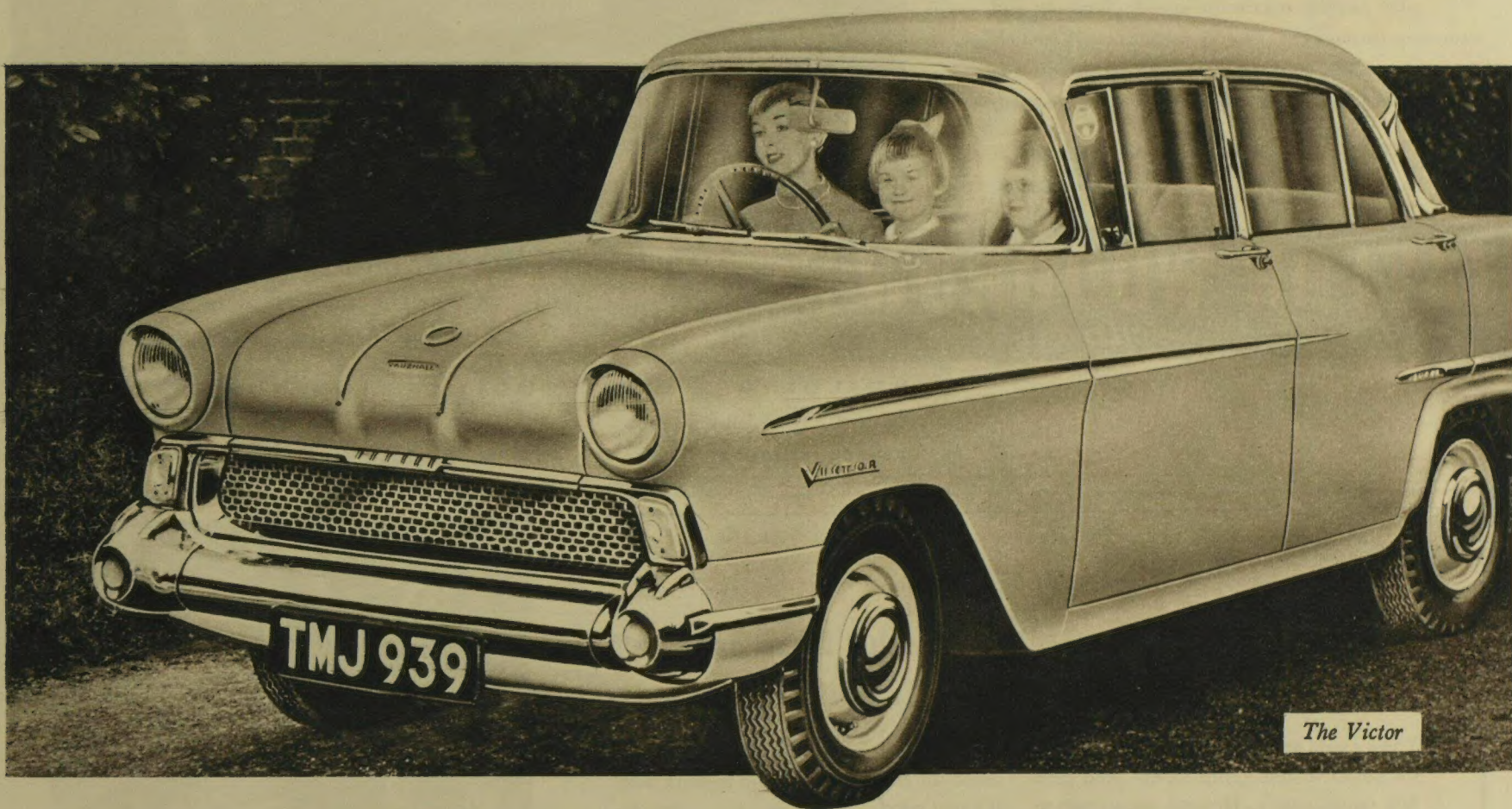
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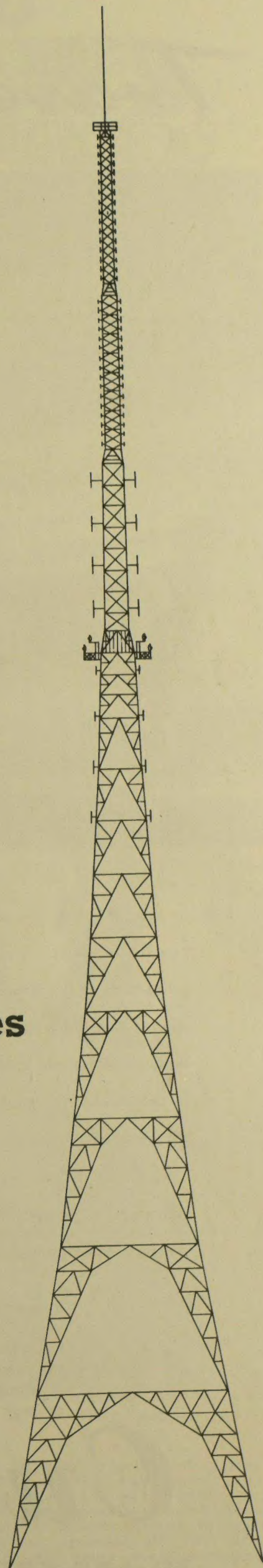
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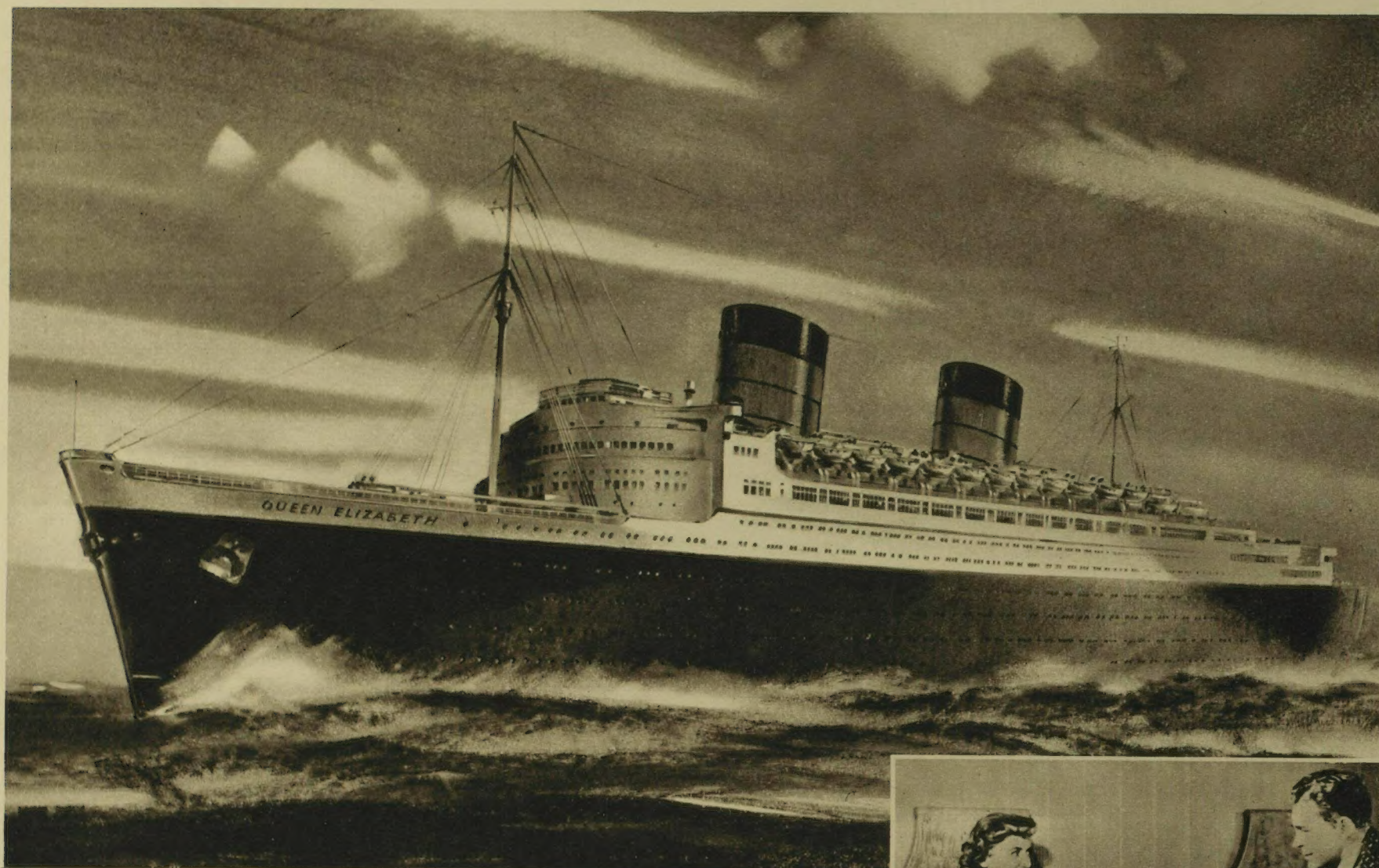
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1958.



EN ROUTE FOR HIS TRIUMPHANT ARRIVAL AT THE SOUTH POLE AT 1.8 A.M. ON JANUARY 20: DR. VIVIAN FUCHS (LEFT), THE LEADER OF THE COMMONWEALTH TRANS-ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

At 1.8 a.m. (G.M.T.) on January 20, Dr. Fuchs and the eleven members of his party reached the South Pole, where they received a great welcome from the American "residents" and the visiting corps of Press representatives and photographers; and Sir Edmund Hillary, the leader of the N.Z. party, who had flown in from Scott Base for the occasion. Dr. Fuchs and his team had taken fifty-six days to make their way over the 900 miles from Shackleton Base, and scientific observations have been made at every stage of the journey, the last pits for seismic shots being dug about 35 miles from the Pole. Dr. Fuchs'

party thus became the fourth to reach the South Pole by the overland route, their predecessors being Amundsen (December 1911), Scott (January 1912) and Hillary (January 3, 1958). Dr. Fuchs' party is by far the largest of the four and it consists of: Dr. Fuchs, David Stratton (second-in-command), David Pratt (engineer), Roy Homard (engineer), Ken Blaiklock (surveyor), Dr. Allan Rogers (physiologist), Dr. Jon Stephenson (geologist), Dr. Hal Lister (glaciologist), Johannes Lagrange (meteorologist), George Lowe (photographer), Ralph Lenton (radio engineer) and Geoffrey Pratt (geophysicist).



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SPEAKING in the 1880's the Regius Professor of History, Sir John Seeley, proclaimed in a series of lectures—subsequently republished in a book called "The Expansion of England"—that the most predominant trend in mankind's affairs during the past 300 years had been the expansion of the Anglo-Saxon peoples across the oceans into the world's outer continents. As that expansion included the foundation and growth to nationhood of the United States, and the colonisation and political development of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, Seeley's claim was, on the face of it, hard to challenge, though the development and triumph of British sea-power, out of which the Anglo-Saxon expansion arose, might well be held to be as remarkable. What, one wonders, would a historian of Seeley's vision say has been the chief human trend in the shorter span of time—some seventy years—since his day? One can think of a good many—the unsuccessful but immensely destructive attempt by the then newly-founded Germanic State to dominate and ultimately conquer Europe and the world; the triumph of the Socialist creed in almost every industrialised country in the world; the expansion of Russia; the creation of modern Japan; the Chinese revolution; the opening of South America and Africa; the invention and development of the cinema, radio and television; the substitution of the mass-circulation newspaper for the reading and teaching of the scriptures; and in recent years the nationalistic awakening in Asia and Africa and the arrival of the atom-bomb and of military inter-continental ballistic missiles. Personally, I think I should give my vote to the triumph of the internal combustion

engine and the revolution, economic, military and social, it has brought in its train in almost every country in the world, and in none more so than ours. Sixty years ago Britain was a land of horses, drays, carts and carriages, and, outside London and the industrial cities and mining districts, of quiet rustic villages inhabited by skilful if ill-requited peasants and craftsmen, the overwhelming majority of whom worshipped God as their forbears had done in church or chapel every Sunday, and of sleepy market towns, the quiet of whose paved or cobbled streets was broken only by an occasional meet of the local hounds or the weekly concourse of farmers on market day. No one could call our country towns sleepy to-day; the difficulty for anyone staying in one of them who was unaccustomed to the perpetual sound of changing gears and incessant petrol explosions would be to sleep at all. Even the most remote districts of our countryside have been invaded and conquered by the chugging engines which are the chief background music of the mid-twentieth century. "Clunton and Clunbury," it used to be said,

Clunton and Clun
Are the quietest places
Under the sun.

I wonder if anyone would call them that now? Even a country garden is seldom very quiet to-day, for from the fields and lanes about it will come at all hours of the day the roar of tractors and the thunder of near or distant lorries going about their agricultural business. Baldwin's famous words—and it is little more than thirty years since they were uttered—

The sounds of England, the tinkle of the hammer on the anvil in the country smithy, the cornrake on a dewy morning, the sound of the scythe against the whetstone, and the sight of a plough team coming over the brow of a hill, the sight that has been seen in England since England was a land, and may be seen in England long after the Empire has perished and every works in England has ceased to function . . .

are no longer true of the English countryside of 1958. Even at night on my Wiltshire lawn, looking out over the beechwoods that shelter the lonely head-waters of the Nadder, I can hear the distant restless murmur of cars and lorries travelling through the small hours on the main London-Exeter road two miles away. As for the main roads themselves and the broader streets of our cities and parks, they resemble nothing so much as rough-and-ready racing-tracks along which pour, without order, a continuous stream of competing traffic, travelling at the highest practicable speeds—and sometimes higher—in either direction. Our motor traffic has not yet perhaps attained to the full murderous pace of Paris and the great Continental cities, but signs are not wanting that this is



H.M.S. VICTORIOUS: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BEFORE SHE WAS REBUILT. THE MODERNISED VICTORIOUS WAS COMMISSIONED AT PORTSMOUTH ON JANUARY 14.

In our issue of January 11 the photograph said to be of H.M.S. *Victorious* before her modernisation was, in fact, of a light carrier of the "Glory" class. The error was due to an incorrect caption supplied by the photographic agency. *Victorious* is to begin preliminary sea trials early next month.

now becoming the objective of those who control our highways, and I have little doubt that it will have been achieved, though at an increased cost in human life, in another year or two. By contrast, owing to the enormous number of parked motor-cars, the narrower streets of our large cities are now almost impassable in the middle of the day, and seemingly interminable traffic blocks form in them and in the so-called bottlenecks along the main thoroughfares, making motorists, if possible, even more anxious to hurry to their destinations and even more exasperated than usual.

For the psychological effects of the internal combustion engine are as remarkable as the merely physical changes it has wrought on our landscape. It appears to have transformed not only England but, to some extent, the Englishman. I may be wrong, but there seems to me to have been a distinct decline in the restraint, measured judgment and habitual calm and phlegm of the national character in that section of the nation that in the pursuit of speed for speed's sake jostles for place on the highways. One can see these traditional virtues in a working-class inn or public house of an evening; they are less noticeable in the more expensive bars where, speaking by and large, the car-owning and driving fraternity refresh themselves. Perhaps other virtues, begotten of motoring, have taken or are taking their place; it is hard to say. But the fact is, though few seem to recognise it, that driving a car, especially at high speed, is a strain on the nervous powers and that strain is almost bound to show itself in temporary irritation,

exhaustion and loss of vitality. From time to time motoring organisations and statistically-minded individuals estimate or try to estimate the financial loss in working-time caused by road stoppages and traffic blocks, reckoning that every extra minute or hour spent at the wheel by the delayed traveller is so much working-time lost to the nation. But no one ever works out the loss to the nation in working-time and energy caused by so many individuals spending so much time at the wheel of motor-cars. A train, a tram, a bus will carry large numbers of people to their destinations at a very small expense of individual nerve power and energy; one driver will suffice for many. Nor, though most people seem partly to waste it in reading newspapers or novels, need the time spent in a public conveyance be wasted; provided it is not too crowded, a man can engage in certain forms of work or study in it almost as well as in his own home. I nearly always work in a train, reading, writing, making notes or dealing with correspondence, and, though I cannot say I much enjoy doing so—for, like most ageing men, I am growing increasingly lazy!—at least I have

the satisfaction at my journey's end of having employed my time profitably during it. But I find I cannot work in a car and, if I travel any distance at the wheel of one, I am already tired by the time I reach my destination. When one considers the tens of thousands who twice every day drive themselves in private cars to and from their offices and homes through crowded suburban highways and city streets, one wonders whether the cost to national efficiency and economy is only to be measured in the excessive petrol consumption of

using a separate vehicle to carry a single worker to and from his labours and in the waste and immobilisation of street space involved in the day-long parking of these innumerable private vehicles.

Motoring has many great and obvious advantages, not the least of which is the freedom of choice it offers to the individual car owner. It has opened out a vast new range of personal pleasure and recreation. I have been a car owner and driver for nearly forty years and have had my full share of happiness from the privilege. But I think someone sometimes ought to ask whether all this is being adequately compensated for by the demands made on time and nervous energy by motoring, by the strain on the national economy, by the slaughter and maiming on the highways, by the growing invasion of public and national amenities and by the acerbation of class feeling and envy engendered by the distinction—one more significant than I think is generally realised—between the private car owner and the man who has to use either his legs or public transport. The vested interest that has grown up around motoring is probably the most powerful in the country to-day, and the number who benefit or believe they benefit from the ownership of cars, or who hope presently to do so, is a most substantial minority of our population. Yet changes in social habits and ways of living can happen very quickly, and I sometimes find myself wondering whether in another half-century motor traffic may not have vanished from our crowded highways as completely as the stage-coach, the carriage and pair, and the horse-drawn wagon before it.



ONE OF THE TWO TYPES OF VEHICLE WHICH DR. FUCHS TOOK TO THE SOUTH POLE: THE WEASEL SEEN TOWING A LOAD OF STORES.



SEEN UNLOADING FROM MAGGA DAN A YEAR AGO: A TUCKER SNO-CAT. FOUR OF THESE STURDY VEHICLES REACHED THE SOUTH POLE WITH DR. FUCHS.

WITH DR. FUCHS TO THE SOUTH POLE: THE INVALUABLE SNO-CAT AND THE WEASEL.

Two invaluable vehicles—the Tucker *Sno-Cat* and the *Weasel*—accompanied Dr. Vivian Fuchs and the British section of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition on the first part of their historic Antarctic overland crossing and reached the South Pole with him on January 20. The larger vehicle, the American-designed *Sno-Cat*, four of which Dr. Fuchs took to the Pole, is 20 ft. long and painted bright yellow. It can haul up to 10 tons. The four *Sno-Cats* were bought from the United States and modified and strengthened in this country to meet Antarctic conditions. Their engines were

modified, the tracks rewelded and the cabs drift-proofed to keep out the powdered snow and prevent internal icing. The *Sno-Cats*' best performance is in soft snow which is the ground they will soon reach on the second part of the long journey to Scott Base. The *Weasel*, a Canadian Army vehicle, was also modified and rebuilt in this country under the direction of Mr. David Pratt and Mr. Roy Homard, the two engineers who are accompanying the Trans-Antarctic Expedition. As the expedition use up their stores, they abandon the vehicles they no longer need according to the pre-arranged programme.

Photographs by courtesy of the Trans-Antarctic Expedition.

THE PREMIER'S COMMONWEALTH TOUR: INDIA; PAKISTAN; AND CEYLON.



IN NEW DELHI ON JANUARY 10: MR. MACMILLAN BEING GREETED BY DR. RAJENDRA PRASAD, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC. THE PRIME MINISTER TOOK LUNCHEON WITH THE PRESIDENT.



WEARING GARLANDS OF FLOWERS AND TINSEL: MR. MACMILLAN VISITING A HOUSE IN THE RURAL COMMUNITY PROJECT AT SHAMASPUR VILLAGE ON JANUARY 9.



IN KARACHI: MR. MACMILLAN (CENTRE) HAVING HIS SHOES COVERED BEFORE HE ENTERED THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE FOUNDER OF PAKISTAN, MOHAMMED ALI JINNAH.



AFTER LAYING A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF THE QAUID-I-AZAM MOHAMMED ALI JINNAH: MR. MACMILLAN PAYING HOMAGE TO PAKISTAN'S FOUNDER.



ARRIVING IN CEYLON: MR. MACMILLAN AND LADY DOROTHY MACMILLAN BEING WELCOMED BY THE PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON AND HIS WIFE.



IN PAKISTAN: MR. MACMILLAN ADMIRING A RIFLE SHOWN TO HIM BY TRIBAL MALIKS WHO WELCOMED HIM AT THE KHYBER PASS.

Mr. Macmillan, who is being accompanied by his wife, arrived in India on January 8 at the beginning of his goodwill tour of five Commonwealth countries. The photographs on this page show the Prime Minister in India and Pakistan and his arrival in Ceylon on January 16. Mr. Macmillan's formal engagements in India started with a visit to the Mahatma Gandhi memorial, where he placed a wreath (a photograph of him doing so appeared in our last issue). The British Prime Minister stayed in Delhi as the guest of Mr. Nehru. Before leaving New Delhi on January 12 for Karachi, and the next stage of his tour, Mr. Macmillan paid tribute to the hospitality which

he had enjoyed in India. At Karachi Airport Mr. Macmillan and Lady Dorothy Macmillan were greeted with cheers by a crowd of more than 3000. They were welcomed at the airport by the Pakistan Prime Minister, Malik Feroz Khan Noon, and members of the Government. During his four-day stay Mr. Macmillan was the guest of President Mirza. On the last day of his visit he flew to Peshawar and the Khyber Pass, where he was given a great reception by tribal Maliks, before returning to Karachi for dinner. On January 16 Mr. Macmillan and his wife received a warm welcome when they arrived at Katunayake Airport for their visit to Ceylon, where they spent two days.

ACCIDENTAL RADIOACTIVITY AFFECTS A DUTCH FAMILY AND THEIR HOME; AND H.M.S. *BARCOMBE* AGROUND.

COVERED WITH PLASTIC SHEETS : THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE AT PUTTEN, NEAR UTRECHT, WHICH WAS THOUGHT TO BE RADIOACTIVE AFTER RADIUM TREATMENT HAD BEEN GIVEN TO A YOUNG GIRL LIVING THERE.

On January 15 a four-year-old Dutch girl, Joke Haanschoten, was given radium treatment for a nose complaint, and it appears that she returned to her home at Putten next day with a broken part of the radium needle still in her nose. The girl became sick and the needle fell out. When the room was cleaned, the needle was swept up and the sweepings were burnt in the stove. The ashes were later dumped in the garden. When the hospital authorities missed the needle the girl's home was searched and parts of it were found to be radioactive. The girl, her parents, and four other members of her family were placed under isolation in hospital, and their house and garden were fenced-off with barbed wire by order of the health authority. The area was placed under a police guard, and the garden was covered with a plastic sheet to prevent the spreading of radioactive dust. If it is found that the whole house has become radioactive, it may have to be destroyed.



AGROUND ON THE EAST COAST OF LOCH BUIE, ON THE SOUTH OF THE ISLE OF MULL : THE BOOM DEFENCE VESSEL H.M.S. *BARCOMBE*, WHICH WAS BADLY HOLED. H.M.S. *Barcombe*, a 750-ton boom defence vessel from the Clyde, ran aground on the Isle of Mull during the night of January 13. Adverse weather conditions and damage to her radio equipment resulted in a twenty-four-hour search before *Barcombe* was located. Her crew of about thirty was taken on board by H.M.S. *Kingfisher*, with the assistance of the Islay lifeboat. Salvage operations were delayed by continued bad weather, and a large part of the ship, which was badly holed on grounding, was thought to be flooded.

WHEN the obvious is stated over and over again, when it faces our eyes each morning in the newspapers and drones into our ears each evening from the radio, it becomes a bore. It remains the truth, but it may cease to be the obvious through the very eagerness of well-intentioned people to impress it upon our minds. This may afford less well-intentioned people, or unwise people, the opportunity to exploit with more success than they deserve theories and plans which would not have obtained a wide hearing but for the impatient reaction to all the prosing. And, instead of clarifying the issue, the effect of unceasing discussion may be to cloud it, for instance, to confuse ends and means.

Such would seem to have been the case with the proposals for a "summit" meeting to improve the prospects of peace put forward by spokesmen of Soviet Russia. The very notion of a conference, committee, or board sitting down to a table without a preliminary understanding of what it was to discuss would be an absurdity, even if those who took part in it were like-minded and in general agreement about the interests which they represented. In the present instance we have behind us the experience of a summit conference, that at Geneva, held with—so far as is known—virtually no preparation of the ground. This experience does not encourage reliance on such a procedure. The conference in question may have been worth holding, but it would not be worth repeating.

A summit conference means one of Prime Ministers, or the equivalents in States where these do not exist. The next stage lower is a conference of Foreign Ministers, and it would appear to be the general view in the West that a meeting of this type should precede a summit meeting. Yet, little as the eager or the simple-minded may relish the conclusion and the slowness of the "climb to the summit" which it involves, this again would be useless unless it had before it an agreed agenda. After all, as President Eisenhower remarked last week, Foreign Ministers cannot stay away for ever, and they require knowledge in advance of the headings for discussion and assurance that they will in fact be discussed.

So a return must be made to what are called the "normal" means of communication between nations, the Diplomatic Services. They are, unhappily, less normal than of old, but their partial replacement by wireless announcements and notes published before they are delivered contributes more to propaganda than to business. And even if it were agreed that a conference of Ambassadors were desirable, which is not certain, this, in its turn, would require advance knowledge of the field to be covered. Such a method of approach is not time-wasting but time-saving. It may prevent something more important than a waste of time. A summit conference which failed in the present circumstances would do a lot of harm. It would increase dangers instead of alleviating them.

Almost simultaneously President Eisenhower and Dr. Adenauer discussed these matters on January 15. The former put it that the approach ought to start with "the normal diplomatic process," and that Foreign Ministers should not meet without an agreed agenda. The latter said that a high-level conference should not be too big and should be preceded by diplomatic soundings. The point about size is also an important one. Mr. Bulganin has put forward a suggestion for a meeting of the Heads of some thirty States. A less promising arrangement could hardly be imagined, and it is hard to believe that the proposal was meant by its author or authors to be taken seriously. It might serve as a final formal act to crown previous successes, but it could not create them.

I dealt last week with the problem of "disengagement," which is touched on in Dr. Adenauer's statement. He rejected the proposal

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

HOW TO REACH THE SUMMIT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

of a European zone free from nuclear weapons. His reasons were that it would deprive the States involved of protection and that its aim appeared to him to be the destruction of N.A.T.O. The Federal Chancellor finds himself in the position of being pressed by the United States to provide sites for missile weapons and urged by a considerable

FAREWELL TO BIGGIN HILL.



THE LAST OPERATIONAL FIGHTER SQUADRON LEAVES BIGGIN HILL: FLYING OFFICER R. J. M. DAVID OF NO. 41 SQUADRON HANDING OVER THE COLOURS TO FLYING OFFICER S. G. PERRY OF NO. 141 SQUADRON OF R.A.F., COLTISHALL, NORFOLK.

As from March 1, Biggin Hill, the famous Battle of Britain R.A.F. station, will cease to be a Fighter Command airfield because it is in the wrong geographical position to meet a future "threat" to Britain and because its runways are too short for future requirements. On January 16 Biggin Hill's connection with Fighter Command ended with a half-hour ceremony during which the last operational squadron to be based there, No. 41 Squadron, formally handed over their standard to No. 141 Squadron of R.A.F., Coltishall, Norfolk, who are now assuming the number of 41 Squadron. The salute was taken by Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas Pike, the A.O.C.-in-C., Fighter Command. Owing to bad weather, the scheduled flying display could not take place.

proportion of his own country's public opinion to refuse them. He has never been afraid to make up his mind or to enforce his views and his power to do the latter has been strengthened by a highly successful general election. Here I would only say that disengagement and refusal of missile sites are not of necessity interlinked. The first would, of course, involve the second, but the second need not involve the first.

In this country public opinion is certainly in favour of an approach to Soviet Russia in an attempt to improve the prospects of peace. The Prime Minister has stated that he would be prepared to agree to a summit conference. The country is behind him here. In the United States there is less unanimity, and some of the first comments there on Mr. Macmillan's broadcast were unfavourable. A change of attitude has since been indicated. If the stage of preparing an agenda is reached, there is no subject on which it will be more necessary—or less easy—to reach unanimity than that of disengagement, except that of an atom-free zone. These two factors are in

themselves enough to make an agreed agenda vital.

Dr. Adenauer was more forthright than Mr. Macmillan about the purpose of the Bulganin letters. Whereas the latter commented on past exchanges, on British good will rebuffed, on legitimate and honest British hopes upset, on ill-faith when agreements had actually been reached in the past, the latter declared that these letters were written for the purpose of making trouble. It was obviously one of their aims to create embarrassment and disunity, and Russia's own words on the subject of N.A.T.O. on many occasions afford good grounds for the belief that its break-up is one of her main objects in foreign policy. A neutral Germany, whether or not the Russians think it would lead to the ruin of N.A.T.O., is probably another object. There have been many cases in war of two sides shelling the same town or trying to sink a warship disabled in battle, clearly not to the advantage of both. Here the sights set on N.A.T.O. must be hostile; those set on Germany may be.

My own solution of the problems looks commonplace and uninspired, but I cannot find a better one. It is (a) stick to N.A.T.O. at all costs; (b) stick to the missile weapon, but strive to abolish or—more feasible—limit it in numbers by a staged disarmament, which would be valuable even if it were impossible to carry it as many stages as intended; (c) give the weaker partners (a class from which the Federal Republic of Germany will shortly emerge if the present programme is adhered to) full freedom to opt for or against missile bases in their territory; (d) refuse to be rushed into advocacy of German neutrality, above all against the final policy adopted by Western Germany; (e) agree to take part in a summit conference properly prepared.

It may be argued that the first three principles render the fifth unattainable. I am conscious of the difficulty, and it would certainly have been preferable to put a beginning of disarmament in both nuclear and conventional



TAKING A LAST LOOK AT THE FAMOUS SPITFIRE HE ONCE FLEW: GROUP CAPTAIN "JAMIE" RANKIN, THE FAMOUS FIGHTER PILOT, WHO WATCHED THE FAREWELL CEREMONY AT BIGGIN HILL ON JANUARY 16.

forces at the head of the list. This was the proposal of the United Nations Subcommittee which was not entertained by Russia. The West should not flinch at the uninviting prospect of taking it up again at a conference. What is not always appropriately called "advance" opinion has more glittering proposals, but glitter may be camouflage for impracticability, even for the suicidal.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



MARYLAND, U.S.A. CLEANING DOWN AN AIRCRAFT WITH SPECIAL APPARATUS AND A NON-TOXIC, NON-INFLAMMABLE DETERGENT. THE SURFACE TO BE CLEANED IN THIS B-52 STRATOFORT IS ABOUT HALF AN ACRE.

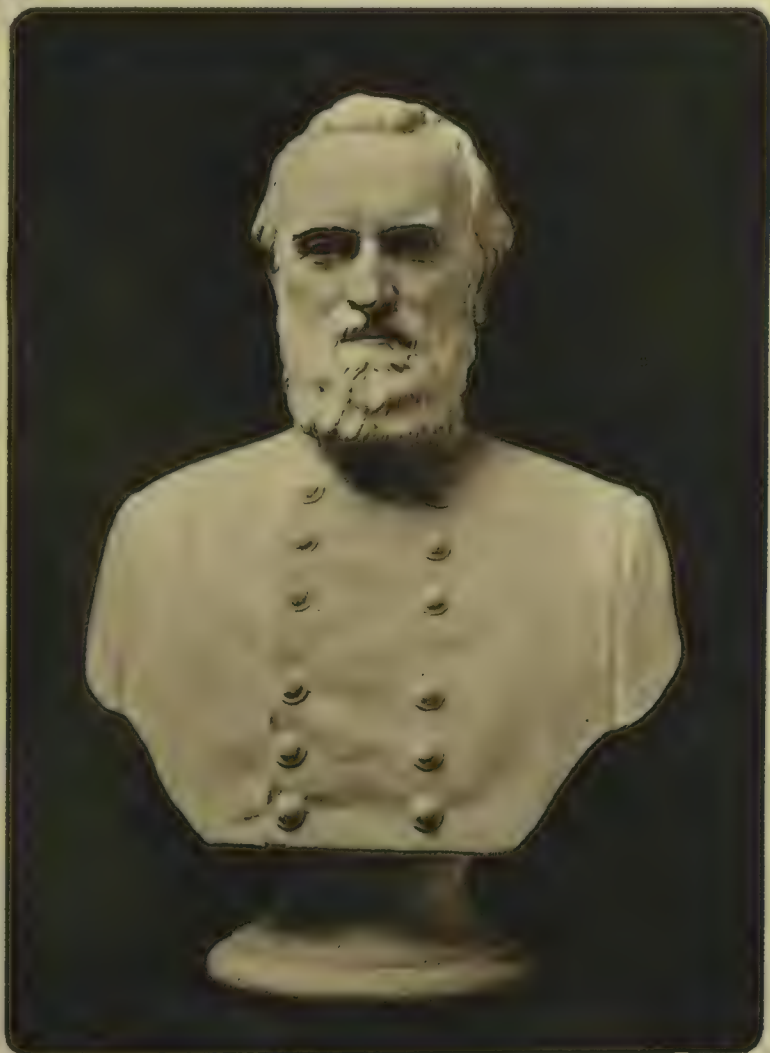


FLORIDA, U.S.A. TO TRACK THE COURSE OF INTERCONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILES: THE FIRST OF FIVE AUTOMATIC TRACKING TELEMETRY ANTENNAE. This web-like antenna, mounted on a 32-ft. tower at Melbourne, Florida, is stated to be the first of five designed to track the course of guided missiles fired out over the Atlantic from the Cape Canaveral launching site. The antenna is 60 ft. wide.



ARIZONA, U.S.A. A SUPERSONIC AERIAL VIEW FROM 35,000 FT.: A REMARKABLY CLEAR PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A U.S. RECONNAISSANCE FIGHTER.

The U.S. Department of Defence recently released the above photograph which is said to be the first ever taken with a standard mapping camera at supersonic speed under controlled conditions. At the lower left are the Sierra Estrelita Mountains, and across the top runs the Gila River. The photograph was taken from a U.S.A.F. RF-101 reconnaissance fighter.



VIRGINIA, U.S.A. "STONEWALL" JACKSON—GENERAL THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON: A NEW BUST BY MR. BRYANT BAKER TO BE UNVEILED ON JANUARY 21 IN THE OLD HALL, CAPITAL BUILDING, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



JORDAN. DURING HIS THIRD VISIT TO THE WEST BANK OF THE JORDAN SINCE THE CRISIS OF LAST SPRING: KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN INSPECTING TROOPS AT HEBRON, WHERE CROWDS WAITED FOR THREE HOURS IN HEAVY RAIN TO SEE THE KING.



NASSAU, BAHAMAS. THE GOVERNOR OF THE BAHAMAS, SIR RAYNOR ARTHUR, AND LADY ARTHUR, AT THE OPENING OF THE LEGISLATURE ON JANUARY 14, WHEN CROWDS MADE A HOSTILE DEMONSTRATION, IN CONNECTION WITH THE GENERAL STRIKE.



CAIRO, EGYPT. DR. SUKARNO, PRESIDENT OF INDONESIA, SALUTING, ON HIS ARRIVAL IN CAIRO ON JANUARY 12 FOR A STATE VISIT. HE WAS GREETED AT THE AIRPORT BY COLONEL NASSER (RIGHT). DR. SUKARNO'S VISIT WAS TO LAST SIX DAYS.



NASSAU, BAHAMAS. AN AIRLIFT TO KEEP THE PEACE IN THE GENERAL STRIKE: TROOPS OF THE 1ST BN. THE WORCESTERSHIRE REGT. ON ARRIVAL AT NASSAU. A dispute over the exclusive rights granted to a white-owned bus company to transport tourists from the Nassau airport and the consequent loss of business by the independent taxi-drivers led to the calling of a general strike by the Bahamas Federation of Labour, on January 12; and the resulting breakdown of the island's tourist industry. Demonstrations on January 14 led to the Governor's request for troops from Jamaica.



NASSAU, BAHAMAS. POLICE RESTRAINING THE BOOING CROWD AT THE OPENING OF THE BAHAMAS LEGISLATURE: THE INCIDENT WHICH LED TO THE REQUEST FOR TROOPS FROM JAMAICA TO KEEP THE PEACE.

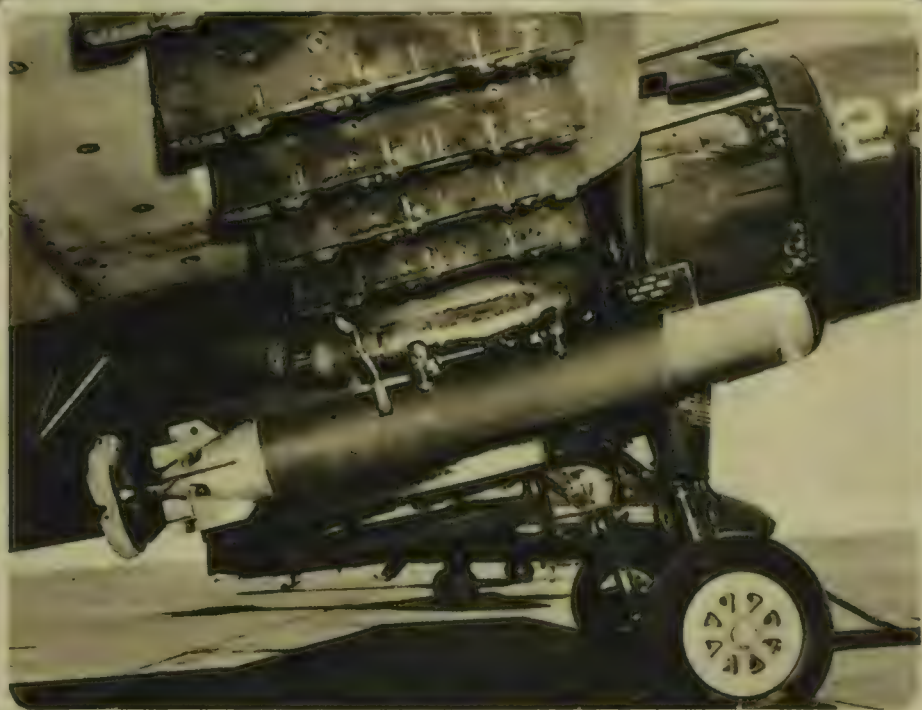


BANGKOK, THAILAND. KING BHUMIBOL OF THAILAND AND QUEEN SIRIKIT AT THE OPENING OF THE ANNUAL RED CROSS FAIR. BEHIND, ON THE RIGHT, CAN BE SEEN PRINCE CHULA AND HIS ENGLISH WIFE, PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

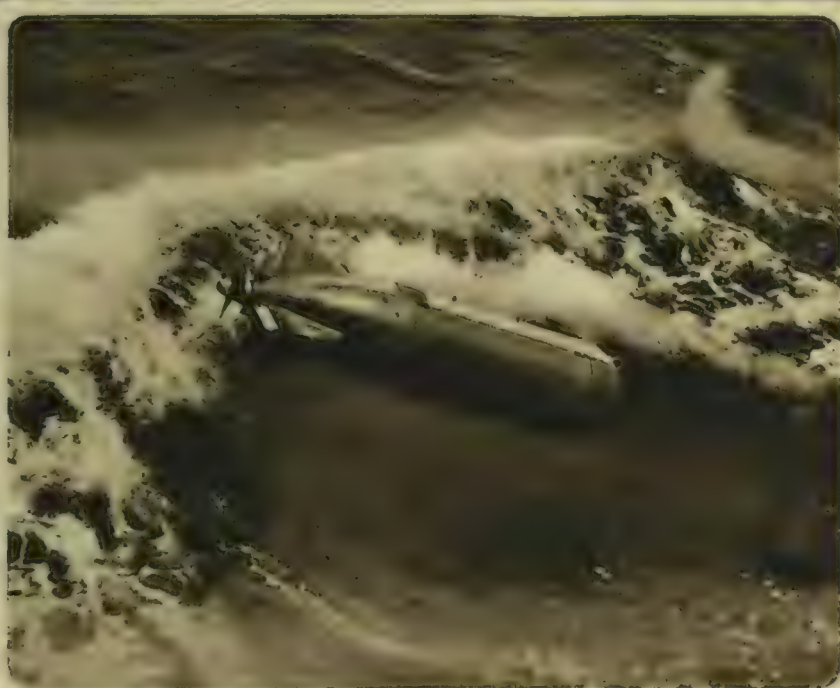


ATHENS, GREECE. ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS (LEFT) AND ARCHBISHOP KYPRIANOS WITH PATROCLOS STAVROU (LEFT) AND CHRISTOS KAIZER (RIGHT), RECENTLY ARRESTED IN CONNECTION WITH A BOMB INCIDENT AT THE U.S. INFORMATION SERVICE LIBRARY.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



U.S.A. A NEW AMERICAN ANTI-SUBMARINE TORPEDO, WHICH IS IN EFFECT A SUBMERSIBLE GUIDED MISSILE: THE MARK 43 TORPEDO, HERE CARRIED BY AIRCRAFT.



U.S.A. ANOTHER NEW AMERICAN TORPEDO—THE MARK 32. THIS NEEDS NO TUBE, BEING SIMPLY TOSSED INTO THE SEA TO HOME ON ITS SELECTED TARGET. The two new American torpedoes shown here, the Marks 43 and 32, are in the nature of guided weapons which can pursue their targets by acoustic-homing devices through the water; and both need only the most simple of launching devices.



THE U.S. ARCTIC. EXCAVATED BY THE U.S. ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS' ARCTIC TASK FORCE: A TUNNEL UNDER THE ARCTIC ICE-CAP.

Members of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers' Arctic Task Force have been engaged in excavating a tunnel, now nearly 1200 ft. in length, beneath the Arctic ice-cap. It is being constructed to test the feasibility of making storage rooms and tunnels under ice. The tunnel has a rail system and an overhead airduct for ventilation.

(Right.) GREECE. IN ATHENS: CARDINAL SPELLMAN, ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK (RIGHT), WITH ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS, THE GREEK CYPRIOT LEADER.

Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York and Military Bishop of the United States, visited Athens and Rome on his way home after a protracted Christmas and New Year visit to U.S. forces in Asia. In Athens he conferred with Archbishop Makarios. On January 14 he arrived in Rome and was received in private audience by the Pope.



THE U.S. ARCTIC. BEING USED TO CARVE THE 1200-FT.-LONG TUNNEL UNDER THE ARCTIC ICE-CAP: A CONVENTIONAL COAL-CUTTING MACHINE.



OTTAWA, CANADA. MR. LESTER PEARSON (LEFT), THE NEW CANADIAN LIBERAL LEADER, WITH MR. ST. LAURENT (CENTRE) AND HIS DEFEATED RIVAL, MR. MARTIN. On January 16 the Canadian Liberal Party met to elect a new leader, Mr. St. Laurent having retired. Mr. Lester Pearson, the former External Affairs Minister, was elected with 1074 votes, his nearest rival, Mr. Paul Martin, receiving 305. Mr. Pearson is sixty-one.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



A FRENCH ACHIEVEMENT IN ALGERIA: THE FIRST TRAIN WITH OIL FROM THE HASSI MESSAOUD OILFIELD ON ITS WAY TO THE MEDITERRANEAN.



AFTER SABOTAGE IN WHICH A GOODS TRAIN WAS DERAILED: THE TRAIN WITH THE OIL TANKERS (RIGHT) COMPLETES THE LAST STAGE OF ITS JOURNEY TO PHILIPPEVILLE.



THE WORK OF ALGERIAN INSURGENTS: THE SCENE AFTER A GOODS TRAIN, ON THE LINE BETWEEN CONSTANTINE AND PHILIPPEVILLE OVER WHICH THE OIL TRAIN PASSED LATER, HAD BEEN DERAILED BY A BOMB.

ALGERIA. FROM THE HASSI MESSAOUD OILFIELD IN THE SAHARA TO THE MEDITERRANEAN: OIL BEGINS TO FLOW.

THE hard work of French oil prospectors and drilling teams at the Hassi Messaoud oilfield in the Algerian Sahara at last began to produce practical results when on January 11 the first load of oil reached the Mediterranean port of Philippeville by train. From the storage tanks at the desert railhead at Touggourt, to which is connected a pipe-line about 100 miles long from Hassi Messaoud, the oil is taken by train to Philippeville, nearly 300 miles away. A goods train preceding the first train carrying oil was derailed by an insurgents' bomb between Constantine and Philippeville, and only after the track had been repaired could the oil continue on its way. The pipe-line and the railway are being heavily patrolled to guard against future sabotage.



THE END OF THE JOURNEY ACROSS ALGERIAN TERRITORY: OIL PIPE-LINES ON A QUAY AT THE PORT OF PHILIPPEVILLE THROUGH WHICH OIL WILL PASS FROM STORAGE TANKS TO THE TANKERS.

LETTERS TO AMERICA FROM EARLY VICTORIAN ENGLAND.

"VICTORIA, ALBERT and MRS. STEVENSON": Edited by EDWARD BOYKIN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

BEFORE I say anything more about this agreeable and easily readable contribution to the social history of the nineteenth century I feel constrained to make one or two comments about the method of its presentation.

Firstly, as to the title. To my eye it is purely catchpenny. It must surely suggest to any reader that at some time or other a Mrs. Stevenson loomed large in the life of Queen Victoria and her Consort—which she certainly did not. To the sort of low mind which always hankers after the "debunking" of prominent people, especially really good and loyal ones, it may even convey a hint that there was a murky secret behind the cosy domestic façade of that royal marriage; one more manifestation of "the eternal triangle," with a short play in the offing showing the young sovereign asserting herself to her easy-going bridegroom, dragging a cowering Mrs. Stevenson out of a cupboard with one hand and, with the other, pointing at the door while instructing a flunkey to "show this Lady to the Gate." Not a bit of it. Andrew Stevenson, from 1836 to 1841, was American Minister to the Court of St. James's; "Minister" be it noted, now that the tiniest countries have Ambassadors and Embassies and voting powers in U.N.O. As such he, and his wife with him, met the dear stupid, friendly old sailor William IV, were present at the young Queen's Coronation, and dined and danced at the Palace. All that was thrilling for the young and elegant

Mrs. Stevenson, and interesting for her husband, who looks to me, in his portrait, a saner, brainier, solidier sort of man than some of the American Presidents of his time. But there was nothing unusual in it. They were the official representatives of their great and growing country: so they were received everywhere. Mrs. Stevenson was excited by it all. Queen Victoria, who suffered from so many griefs and losses in her life, and had to be polite to so many thousands of people in so many languages, and ended her life, in Windsor Castle, during the Boer War, with a proclamation that the word "defeat" wasn't known in "this house," would probably, at the end of her life, not have remembered Mrs. Stevenson at all. With an effort she might have recalled an intelligent face, an elegantly dressed form, and a quick wit; with a solemn reliable husband in attendance. If I am right, this makes nonsense of the title of the book.

My second complaint is about the treatment of the text. The publisher gives us no information about Mr. Boykin—whose name sounds to me Russo-Irish, a strange combination—but as he signs his preface from Charlottesville, Virginia, I must presume that he is an American by citizenship, and guess that he is a don there; one of the pleasantest places I have ever seen, or been entertained in, in my life. He says, concerning his treatment of the text of his selection from the vast corpus of the ebullient Mrs. Stevenson's letters: "The editor has hesitated to clutter up his pages with footnotes and reference numbers. Mrs. Stevenson herself identified, in one way or another,

many of the personages she alluded to. Others needed no identification. For closer identification of the lords and ladies, dukes and duchesses and other socially distinguished persons mentioned by Mrs. Stevenson, the best sources are 'The Dictionary of National Biography' . . . etc., etc., etc." Oddly, he doesn't mention Burke, who could tell him about all the people whom the Stevensons visited.

The Stevensons were not important at Court, though I feel sure that they weren't boring. But they travelled far and wide through England and Scotland, in great houses. She may have made the most ghastly mistakes in her letters: I think that even Mr. Boykin, confronted with the phrase "Gardin du plants" might have produced a footnote. They stayed at Raby, Dunrobin, and Alnwick, were overwhelmed by the spectacle of English riches as against American poverty, lost themselves in corridors of vast houses, and bowed before the spectacle of ducal grandeur.

Well, Mrs. Stevenson's spelling was appalling, and I think that Mr. Boykin might occasionally have corrected it. Her soul was romantic; she was evidently full of

after dinner, in her broken English, that it was fortunate for 'de nation that the Queen had married such a good and humble-minded person.'"

I think that the publisher is justified in saying of Mrs. Stevenson that "her collected correspondence is possibly the only eyewitness American account of the Victorian court in existence." Mrs. Stevenson liked the Dukes, and they liked her. But the Gulf between the two social atmospheres was never bridged, though she stayed with them. I doubt if it has ever been bridged since.

However, in spite of the multitude of misprints and mistakes, this is a very amusing book by a very amusing person. A portrait of her is here given which is the portrait of a very dashing woman, covered with furs and feathers and willing to face anybody. And how she could rattle along! Here is a fair specimen: "We often thought and talked about you all in Paris and wished for the Philosophers Stone that we might have bought all the pretty things we thought would be most acceptable to our dear friends at home. Most things are so much cheaper and handsomer in France—we regretted that our friends had not given us commissions. Pray keep this in mind, shoes, boots, glass, etc. [a fine assortment for "The Bag"], We may still have it in our power to serve you before we leave Europe, if you will send your measures. Remember, I address this to all North—South—East—West—and do dear Bett say it to the Ritchie's. Our kind and good friend the Enquirer will be delighted to hear of the honours, which the City of London are about to bestow upon his friend the American Minister. You have no idea what a sensation it has produced here, the English offer their congratulations upon it as something to be very proud of, and the Americans hold their heads at least an inch higher. The diplomats shake hands and say—'You are the man, Sir.' Such a distinguished honour has never before been offered to any foreigner, except

crowned heads, and the manner of it is even more flattering, if possible, than the thing itself, for it is offered as a mark of personal respect and esteem. The Deputation was here yesterday, to offer him the freedom of the City, in a gold box with two hundred guineas. On his declining to accept, they resolved to frame the resolutions, and present them to him. The Duke of Sussex thought he ought to accept, upon the condition of its meeting the approbation of the 'powers that be at home.' He (the Duke) made a most beautiful little speech yesterday after the ladies retired from the dinner table, which Mr. King (the son of old Rufus, and who was invited as Mr. Stevenson's friend) said, was most friendly to our country, and most flattering to its

Minister. Nothing can exceed the kindness of this delightful old man. To me his manner becomes every time I see him more like that of a kind and affec. relative—but to return to the box. I should have liked the gold box, would you not?"

Her spouse had refused the box because of his "strick republican" principles.

It is pleasant to hear such warm praise of the nicest of Queen Victoria's many uncles.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 160 of this issue.



SALLIE COLES STEVENSON, WIFE OF ANDREW STEVENSON, WHO SERVED AS AMERICAN MINISTER TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S FROM 1836 TO 1841.

From a portrait painted in London in 1839 by G. P. A. Healy. Photograph reproduced by courtesy of Ralph R. Thompson.

Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, and even Mrs. Radcliffe. Intelligent as she was, wherever she went in England or Scotland she expected to meet noblemen in chains or skeletons in dungeons. She met neither. She met a lot of decent Britons from Wellington to Wordsworth. The latter was, I am bound to acknowledge, the more disappointing.

There appear to remain in Duke University and in the Library of Congress a great many more letters from Mrs. Stevenson. They should be published, I think; and Mr. Boykin should append notes to them. I take, from his record: "His Royal Highness Prince Albert sat on the left of his royal bride. Frequently during the evening they conversed, and several times laughed with merry glee at the communications they made to each other. But still there is something dignified and queenly in whatever this extraordinary young creature says or does. She appears much attached to her young husband, and her manner is certainly much more joyous and happy than I ever saw it before. He is said to be entirely worthy of her affections, and has already gained 'golden opinions' from every one. The Baroness Lehzun told me (and Lehzun is a mis-spelling),



ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO GREAT BRITAIN, 1836-41: ANDREW STEVENSON.

From the Nichols portrait in the Speaker's Gallery of the House of Representatives in Washington.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Victoria, Albert and Mrs. Stevenson," by courtesy of the Publisher, Frederick Muller.

* "Victoria, Albert and Mrs. Stevenson." Edited by Edward Boykin. Illustrated. (Frederick Muller; 25s.)

THE FABULOUS RESULT OF A LONG AND SCIENTIFIC TREASURE-HUNT.



PROTECTING A VALUABLE PROPERTY: A GUARD BY THE FENCE ENCIRCLING THE MWADUI DIAMOND MINE, AND A WARNING NOTICE.

DR. JOHN WILLIAMSON, the owner of the famous Mwadui Diamond Mine in Tanganyika, died at the age of fifty on January 7, as reported in our last issue. The son of a Canadian lumberman, he graduated in geology and mineralogy at McGill University, and became interested in diamonds while working in South Africa. He formed the theory that there was a rich deposit of diamonds somewhere in East Africa, and that they could be found by a scientific study of land formations. After prospecting for some five years, during which he suffered from fever and sun effects, his courage and persistence were rewarded when in 1940 he found the

(Continued opposite.



TO COMMEMORATE HER VISIT TO THE MWADUI MINE: THE DIAMOND BROOCH PRESENTED TO PRINCESS MARGARET ON BEHALF OF DR. WILLIAMSON.

AMONG the many generous gifts made by Dr. Williamson are the Queen's large pink diamond which, as Princess Elizabeth, she received as a wedding gift, and Princess Margaret's diamond brooch. Dr. Williamson was prevented by ill health from presenting the brooch personally to Princess Margaret when she visited his mine in 1950, and it was later presented to her on his behalf in London. The presentation of the brooch was made by the Colonial Secretary on November 19 last year.



MECHANICAL DIGGERS AT WORK AT THE MINE. THE DIAMONDS ARE SEPARATED FROM LARGE QUANTITIES OF DIAMOND-BEARING GRAVEL.



WHERE THE GRAVEL IS WASHED AND EXAMINED: A VIEW OF A SORTING ROOM AT THE MWADUI MINE. IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THREE OF THE GUARDS WHO KEEP A CONTINUAL WATCH TO SEE THAT NONE OF THE DIAMONDS IS STOLEN.



SHOWING THE SLEEVE SEWN UP TO HELP PREVENT THEFT: A CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE SORTERS.



ONE OF THE MACHINES WHICH ARE USED AT MWADUI FOR SEPARATING DIAMONDS FROM THE GRAVEL.

Photographs by Geor

THE LATE DR. WILLIAMSON'S FAMOUS TANGANYIKA DIAMOND MINE.



THE SEARCH FOR DIAMONDS: A MACHINE IN WHICH THE DIAMOND-BEARING QUALITIES OF SAMPLES FROM FRESH GROUND ARE TESTED.



RIGHT, THE LARGE PINK DIAMOND PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY DR. WILLIAMSON AS A WEDDING GIFT. TOP, THE DIAMOND IN ITS ROUGH STATE; CENTRE, DURING CUTTING AND POLISHING; AND, BOTTOM, IN ITS FINISHED STATE.



EXAMINING DIAMONDS OF UN-TOLD VALUE FROM HIS MINE: DR. JOHN WILLIAMSON AT WORK IN HIS PRIVATE OFFICE.

(Continued.) diamond which led to the discovery of the deposit where the Mwadui mine is now established. Since then, Dr. Williamson's mine, of which he was sole controller, has supplied a considerable proportion of the annual world sales of diamonds. Much of the profit Dr. Williamson devoted to developing the mine and to the welfare of his employees. He was the benefactor of many good causes in East Africa, particularly those for improving relations between races. He was of a retiring nature, and died unmarried. Dr. Williamson bequeathed all his shares to his brother and sister, and the mine is to continue in operation.



(Above.) ANOTHER VIEW OF A SORTING ROOM. TO HELP PREVENT THEFT OF DIAMONDS, SORTERS WORK WITH ONLY ONE HAND.

(Left.) DR. WILLIAMSON AT THE SPOT WHERE IN 1940 HE FOUND THE DIAMOND WHICH LED TO THE ESTABLISHING OF THE MINE.



SEEKING DIAMONDS BELOW THE SURFACE: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF AFRICAN MINERS AT WORK.



AN AFRICAN WORKER LOOKING FOR DIAMONDS IN GRAVEL WHICH HAS BEEN SIEVED AND WASHED.

Rodger-Magnum Photos.



NATURE'S WONDERLAND. SERIES II. NO. 10. SOME OF THE WIDE RANGE OF ANIMALS WHICH INHABIT THE VAST DOMINION OF CANADA.

The Dominion of Canada is not a country in the European sense but a large part of a continent. To see its fauna in correct proportions we must measure it against the fauna of Europe as a whole, not against the fauna of, say, the British Isles, or of any of the neighbouring countries of Western Europe. When we do this we find striking similarities between them. These can be best expressed in the geographical subdivisions used by those who study the distribution of animals. Thus, one of these zoo-geographical sub-divisions is called the Palearctic Region. It includes the whole continent of Europe, together with the Mediterranean

strip of North Africa, as well as South-Western, Central and Northern Asia. Throughout this region the combinations of animals are roughly similar. For example, the familiar mole of the British Isles extends across Europe to Eastern Asia. Other species have this same wide range, or else are represented by several closely-related sub-species occupying distinct areas within the Palearctic Region. In the more southerly parts of the Palearctic there occur, however, a few animals more typical of Africa (known as the Ethiopian Region) or of India and Malaysia (known as the Oriental Region). Southern Europe has, for example,

its porcupines, animals we more readily associate with Africa or Southern Asia. Most of North America is included in what the zoo-geographer calls the Nearctic Region, and within this we have much the same pattern as in the Palearctic, namely, animals proper to the north, with others that have infiltrated from the south. Among those proper to the north, we have the moose, wapiti and caribou, first cousins, if not blood-brothers, to the elk, red deer and reindeer of the Palearctic. The North American buffalo, or bison, is clearly a close relative of the European bison, or wisent, and others showing these same close

affinities between the Palearctic and the Nearctic are the beaver, marmot, wolverine or gullion, wolf, brown bear and lynx. The puma, like most members of the cat-family, is more typical of warmer regions, as is the porcupine. The similarity between the animals of northern North America and those of Europe is not immediately apparent because some of the better known European animals have become greatly reduced in numbers or so restricted in range that only small pockets are left. North America has its red and grey squirrels, as well as the chipmunk, which is closely related to the ground squirrel of Northern Asia.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S., with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.



THE CLIMAX TO POULENC'S IMPRESSIVE NEW OPERA—"THE CARMELITES": ONE BY ONE THE NUNS GO SINGING TO THEIR MARTYRDOM, IN THE FINAL SCENE AT COVENT GARDEN.

The first stage performance in Great Britain of Francis Poulenc's new opera, "The Carmelites," was given at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on January 16. For this notable occasion the conductor was Rafael Kubelik, the producer Margherita Wallmann, and the scenery and costumes were designed by Wakhevitch. Composed by M. Poulenc between 1953 and 1955, the "Dialogues des Carmelites" was first performed at La Scala, Milan, on January 26, 1957. The libretto, which was inspired by a novel of Gertrude von le Fort, is by Georges Bernanos. It was translated into English—under the title of "The Carmelites"—by Joseph Machlis, for the 1957 production at San Francisco. The opera—set in France in the revolutionary years

between 1789 and 1794—has as its theme fear—the fear of death; and throughout the three acts a high degree of drama is maintained, rising to a moving climax in the effective final scene, which is illustrated here. The opera opens in the library of the Paris house of the Marquis de la Force (sung by Jess Walters). The time is April 1789 and the Marquis's son (John Lanigan) is worried by the effect that these troublesome times might have on his highly-strung sister, Blanche (Elsie Morison). Blanche—a victim of constant fear—has made up her mind to become a nun, and after a moving interview with the aged Prioress (Jean Watson), she enters the Carmelite Convent at Compiègne. Here she finds happy companionship with another

novice, Sister Constance (Jeannette Sinclair), but their peace of mind is shattered by the troubled death of the Prioress—overcome by fear of death in her last moments, but comforted by the Assistant Prioress, Mother Marie (Sylvia Fisher). The second act opens in the Convent chapel, where Blanche and Constance are keeping vigil over the body of the Prioress and the troubled atmosphere resulting from her death is movingly displayed. The new Prioress (Joan Sutherland) arrives and comforts the nuns, but their peace of mind is soon to be shattered again. Blanche's brother comes to persuade her to leave the Convent as the revolution is spreading, but she resolutely refuses. In the next scene the Convent's Father Confessor (Dermot

Troy) bids farewell to the sisters as he has to flee from the revolutionaries. But he has left it too late—a mob surrounds the Convent and four commissaries enter to expel the nuns. At the opening of the final act the Convent has been destroyed and the nuns, led by Mother Marie, take a vow of martyrdom. Blanche, however, is suddenly overcome by fear and flees to Paris. The opera then moves to its stirring climax—here shown in a photograph taken during rehearsal. The nuns have been sentenced to death and they calmly approach the guillotine singing the "Salve Regina." One by one they mount the scaffold to die. At the last moment Blanche approaches, and having overcome her fear, moves joyfully and dramatically to her death.

Photograph by Houston Rogers.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

WOLF AND MERMAID.

By J. C. TREWIN.

AT the end of "Twelfth Night" Antonio says—and it can be embarrassing—while Viola and Sebastian hope for the best, "An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin than these two creatures." Years ago I heard a rather alarming old countrywoman rush to the opposite bound when she said, of a certain village brother and sister, that they were as different as a wolf and a mermaid. (She preferred "mermaiden.") At the time, being a close student of Grimm and Andersen, I saw nothing especially odd in the phrase. It made its point, even if it was a shade too determined. It was not until later that I began to wonder just what the dear soul knew about wolves—though it would not have surprised me if she had seen a mermaid on a night of high summer: she lived on a likely bit of coast. But "wolf and mermaid"? There, in our elegant idiom, I could merely ask "How come?"

I have remembered that this week, because I am writing boldly under the sign of the Wolf and Mermaid. There is no kind of resemblance between "Man, Beast, and Virtue," a Pirandello comedy that I met at Stratford-atte-Bowe, and Lehár's famous operetta, "The Merry Widow," which I last met nearly four years ago, and which is due to arrive in full operatic pride at Sadler's Wells.

Let me begin with the wolf. It is, I suppose, too strong a name for the bitter comedy that Theatre Workshop now presents in a translation by Edward Eager. And yet there is something fierce about the play: one that reminded us now and then (a distinguished literary critic made the point some time ago) of Renaissance domestic plotting, and now and then of Aldwych farce with the good humour removed from it, the laughter soured. Luigi Pirandello, stabbing against hypocrisy, uses the apex of a singularly unpleasant triangle. A tutor loves the wife of a sea-captain. She is to have a child, but she cannot pass it off as her husband's because, between voyages, that terrible fellow has a mistress (and the mother of his children) in another port. When he does get home it is only to quarrel with his wife. This, the dramatist explains, must be overcome. Pirandello employs what, in effect, is the love-philtre so valued down the ages ("love-philtre—we've quantities of it," as a very different writer sings).

The development is thoroughly cynical. Even if a few passages in the second act force our laughter—the dramatist signals the laughs long before they come—the general effect of the night is of hard-working tedium. Pirandello can be a master, or he can be a mechanic; and this piece seems to me to be mechanical. France Jammik, who has come over from Yugoslavia to direct it, has tried to fantasmagorise the play by staging it in a black-and-white framework, with a swing and dangling ropes. One feels that equilibrists or a trampoline act are due at any moment. Something of the sort might help.

The company seeks to sustain a liveliness that will get the plot across. It finds itself, like the dramatist, working too hard. At the première I thought that Avis Bunnage, cast for a pair of maid-servants and ready for her fun with each of them, had the best approach. Her second performance reminded me of a pastiche of Thora Hird in "Saturday Night at the Crown." Richard Harris, Glynn Edwards, and Olive McFarland fought sternly with the three principals whom we can arrange as man, beast, and virtue in what order we wish.

So to my mermaid who is here, I have to admit, an inland creature: the Merry

Widow herself. Still, at least the "Widow" belongs to the folklore of the stage. She has sung her way across it since 1907. We are no longer, it seems, to think of her tale as a musical comedy: that is a loose name for what is now dignified as an operetta and appears at Sadler's Wells. (Agreed, it was always an operetta, but how many of its British admirers in fifty years have thought of it as one?)

After the last London revival of the "Widow" I said: "Events begin at the Marsovian Embassy

When I saw the "Widow" first it was nearly twenty-five years old, and players in my provincial town talked of it for a month before it came. That touring cast, as I remember it, was not exciting, but the music was there in bewitching ripple. The occasion gave to everyone that knew "The Merry Widow" and its story an opportunity to talk of Lily Elsie and Joseph Coyne, George Graves and W. H. Berry.

They flashed into fame on the night of June 8, 1907, when George Edwardes staged at Daly's a musical play adapted by Basil Hood from the original Viennese operetta, "Die Lustige Witwe," of Victor Leon and Leo Stein, with lyrics by Adrian Ross, and—this should have been in italics—music by Franz Lehár. It ran for 778 performances. It set the town talking of Lily Elsie and Joseph Coyne. Theatrical London moved in waltz-time. The "Merry Widow" waltz became historic—and there was also a "Merry Widow" hat that must have been desolating to sit behind in a theatre. George Edwardes, at an awkward time for Daly's, had put on the piece almost in desperation. But he had been to Vienna and he took a stop-gap chance, not only with the play itself, which became a far livelier thing at Daly's, but also with his casting, shrewd and adventurous. He was justified. It is said that at the end of the first act the gallery was chanting "Who loves Lily Elsie? We do!" When the night was over, everybody was recalling the rhythms of the waltz and of that loved song, "Vilja, oh Vilja, the witch of the wood." Triumph

—and yet it is recorded (W. H. Berry did so in his memoirs) that Edwardes used for second-act scenery an adaptation of one of the sets for "Les Merveilleuses" with the addition of a "summer pavilion" needed for the plot.

That night, thanks to the Edwardes flair, saved Daly's at a dangerous hour. Veterans hold that there will never again be such a cast as the first, and, without being too obviously a backward-looker, one can understand. "The Merry Widow" marked the meridian of the Daly's of an Edwardian (and Edwardian) summer-world which, as I have said before, Daisy Ashford unknowingly described in "The Young Visitors": "You could hardly move in the gay throng. Dukes were as nought as there were a good lot of Princes and Arch Dukes as it was a very superior levie indeed."

Now, after more than half a century, Lehár reaches Sadler's Wells: the first time that "The Merry Widow" has entered the repertory of a British opera house, and its first performance on the stage by a British opera company. The production (which will have opened by the time this is in print—it may be a week or two before I can see it) is directed by Charles Hickman. Christopher Hassall has written a new book. Alexander Gibson conducts, and June Bronhill is Anna Glawari, the Merry Widow, whom we have known so long as Sonia. One famous character gone for ever is Hetty the Hen: we never saw her, even at Daly's, but—when George Graves was round—we knew her down the years.

No more of that. "The Merry Widow" is entering a dignified world. It was to have come to the Wells in the spring of 1955; but had to be cancelled owing to trouble about performing rights. Now all's clear. We can waltz away through Islington to this song from Vienna, as unlike modern musical comedy as—pass me the phrase—a mermaid is unlike a wolf.



"IT SET THE TOWN TALKING" FIFTY YEARS AGO: "THE MERRY WIDOW," WHICH NOW ENTERS THE REPERTORY OF A BRITISH OPERA HOUSE FOR THE FIRST TIME, SEEN WHEN IT OPENED AT DALY'S IN 1907 WITH MISS LILY ELSIE IN THE TITLE-ROLE AND MR. GEORGE GRAVES AS POPOFF.

This photograph, which is reproduced from *The Illustrated London News* of July 13, 1907, shows the finale of the second act of "The Merry Widow" in the grounds of Sonia's house, near Paris. In the foreground is Miss Lily Elsie as Sonia, the Merry Widow, with (left) Mr. George Graves as Popoff. Mr. Trewin discusses the Lehár classic's first entry into the repertory of a British opera house in his article on this page.



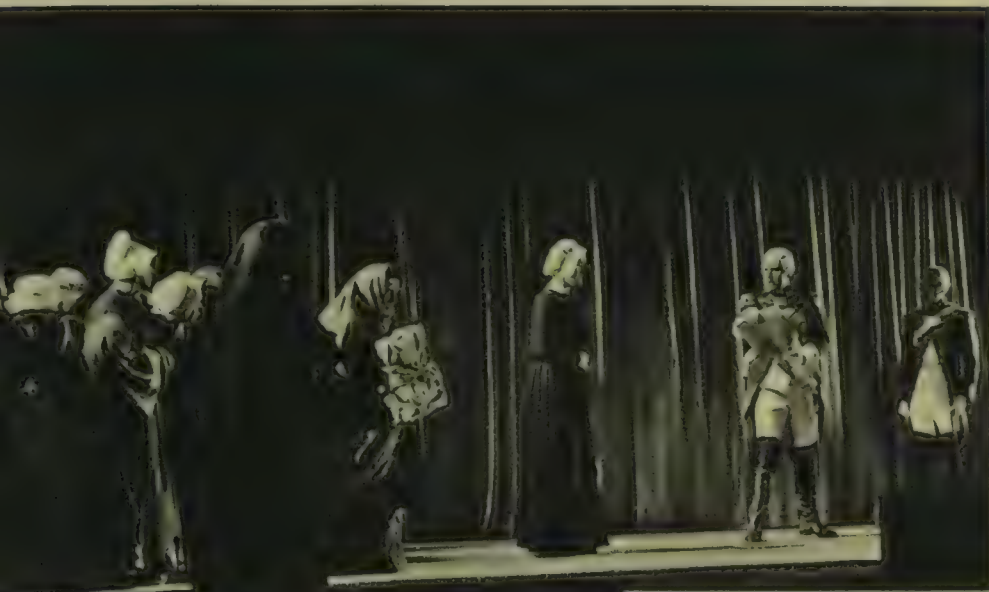
A BITTER COMEDY BY PIRANDELLO: "MAN, BEAST AND VIRTUE"—SHOWING PAULINO (RICHARD HARRIS) AND MRS. PERELLA (OLIVE MCFARLAND) IN A SCENE FROM THE THEATRE WORKSHOP PRODUCTION AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, STRATFORD, E.15.

in Paris. Marsovia? Why not Nostalgia? That word, so cruelly battered and misused, does fit the mood of a night when veterans are homesick for a lost Daly's. . . . Enough that the "Widow" is back, some of its beaded bubbles winking at the brim. Most of us went home by hansom." More hansoms, I am certain, will be jingling in the memory outside Sadler's Wells.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE MERRY WIDOW" (Sadler's Wells).—The Lehár classic enters the repertory of a British opera house. See this page. (January 20.)
 "DARLING" (Oxford Playhouse).—Mai Zetterling in a translation of André Roussin's comedy made by Merlin Thomas. (January 20.)
 FRANKIE VAUGHAN (Palace).—Singer in variety bill. (January 20.)
 "THE RUMANIAN DANCERS" (Princes).—With gypsy orchestra. (January 20.)
 "LADY AT THE WHEEL" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Musical comedy about Monte Carlo rally; directed by Wendy Toye. (January 23.)

AN IMPORTANT COVENT GARDEN OCCASION: A FINE PRODUCTION OF POULENC'S "THE CARMELITES."



A VAIN ATTEMPT TO PERSUADE BLANCHE (CENTRE) TO LEAVE THE CONVENT: HER BROTHER, THE CHEVALIER, PLEADS WITH HER, AS MOTHER MARIE LISTENS.

WEARING THEIR SECULAR GARMENTS AND LED BY THEIR PRIORRESS: THE NUNS HEAR THE ORDER EXPELLING THEM FROM THE CONVENT IN A SCENE IN ACT III OF "THE CARMELITES."



PREPARING A WREATH FOR THE PRIORRESS'S GRAVE: SISTER BLANCHE (ELSIE MORISON, LEFT) AND SISTER CONSTANCE (JEANNETTE SINCLAIR), HER FELLOW NOVICE.



SHOWING THE SET ON TWO LEVELS DESIGNED BY M. WAKHEVITCH: THE SCENE OF CONFUSION INSIDE THE CONVENT AS THE PROCLAMATION DISSOLVING IT IS READ OUT.



SYLVIA FISHER AS THE ASSISTANT PRIORRESS, MOTHER MARIE OF THE INCARNATION, WHO OFTEN HELPS BLANCHE IN HER MOMENTS OF DISTRESS.



ONE OF THE FOUR AUSTRALIAN SINGERS IN IMPORTANT ROLES: JOAN SUTHERLAND AS MME. LIDOINE, THE NEW PRIORRESS WHO LEADS THE NUNS TO THEIR MARTYRDOM BY THE GUILLOTINE.



THE CENTRAL CHARACTER OF THE SECULAR SCENES OF THE OPERA: THE CHEVALIER, BROTHER OF BLANCHE, SUNG BY JOHN LANIGAN.

Margherita Wallmann, who also produced its world première at La Scala, Milan, last year, is the producer of Poulenc's new opera, "The Carmelites," which received its first stage performance in Great Britain at the Royal Opera House on January 16, and is to have nine performances in the present season at Covent Garden. The scenery and costumes for this notable production have been designed by the Russian-born French designer Georges Wakhevitch.

The set is on two levels and particularly in the convent scenes provides a convincing background for the moving story of this opera. In the stirring final scene—illustrated in the photograph on pages 142 and 143—full use is made of the two levels to give full scope to the nuns' dramatic progress to the guillotine. Covent Garden's musical director, Rafael Kubelik, is the conductor of "The Carmelites," which is M. Poulenc's second opera.

Photographs by Houston Rogers.

THE FIRST LIGHT ON THE BRONZE AGE RELIGION OF WESTERN ANATOLIA: HORNED ALTAR SHRINES FROM FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS OF BEYCESULTAN'S HISTORY.

By SETON LLOYD, F.S.A., Director of the British School of Archaeology in Ankara.

(The first three seasons of the important excavations of the British School of Archaeology at Ankara in the huge mound of Beycesultan have not hitherto proved as interesting as was expected owing to the huge fires which destroyed the city at one stage. The 1957 season has, however, proved to be of the greatest interest; and it is here described by the Director of the excavations, MR. SETON LLOYD.)

IN July of 1957 the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara brought to a conclusion its

the Turkish Antiquities Service. A full season's work was made possible by a generous grant from the Walker Trust of St. Andrews.

This year's most outstanding discoveries were related to the evolution of religious ritual in western Anatolia during the fifteen or so centuries of the Bronze Age—a subject on which we have hitherto remained in almost total ignorance. The first clue had been provided at the very end of the 1956 season,

when traces were found of something resembling a religious shrine in the narrow "barrow-passage" through which the earth was being extracted from our Early Bronze Age sounding. It was a structure consisting of two upright clay *stelæ*, originally perhaps 5 ft. high, the gap between them being emphasised in front by clay "horns" resembling Minoan symbols of a much later period. Behind were receptacles for offerings and the whole structure was half-buried in the remains of votive pottery.

In May of this year a broad new sounding

was made at this spot. Its siting proved to be extremely fortunate, since, on reaching the Early Bronze Age levels, it was found to cover exactly the building complex of which the original shrine formed a part. This complex (to describe which one may almost use the word "temple") was carefully recorded and afterwards carried down through four major building-levels (XIV–XVII) (Figs. 15–18), at each of which the same ritual features were repeated and their evolution could consequently be studied.

Architecturally speaking, the primary composition of each sanctuary consisted of twin shrine-chambers, each with an average measurement of about 10 metres by 5. Certain features distinguishing one shrine from another could be recognised at each successive rebuilding, and have given rise to an impression that "male" and "female" elements in their dedication were differentiated. Features common to both were as follows (Fig. 1): an entrance doorway in the middle of one end-wall was faced at the other end of the chamber by a complex erection consisting of *stelæ* and "horns," as already described. Behind the *stelæ* were built-in or buried receptacles for solid or liquid offerings, and a light screen of wooden posts, sometimes arranged in pairs, beyond which a second door on the main axis of the room led to a small "priest's room." Quantities of votive pottery vessels both before and behind the shrine were also a constant feature (Figs. 7, 8, 9, 13, 14).

In front of the shrine a low curb enclosed a semi-circular space of some special significance. Some shrines had two concentric curbs of this sort, and the "male" shrine was usually distinguished by a stout wooden post or pillar set axially on the perimeter of the outer circle. The "female" shrine seemed usually to be furnished with a small clay platform built against a neighbouring wall. This has been described as a "blood-altar" (Fig. 17), since it resembled a small operating-table with channels to carry liquid into a sunk pottery vessel. Flat marble figurines of the "mother-goddess" type were also found exclusively in the "female" shrines (Fig. 12).

The period of time covered by these shrines corresponds to the earlier part of the Early Bronze Age, about 2700 to 2300 B.C.

Meanwhile, during an operation newly begun in a neighbouring part of the site, a most fortunate coincidence had revealed to us precisely the same sequence of religious buildings in its later phases (Figs. 3–6). Starting near the surface with a pair of shrines dating from the Late Bronze Age (Level II), we were once more able to trace back their development through the whole Middle Bronze Age period; so that by the end of the season we were engaged in clearing a pair of such buildings dating from the time of the "Burnt Palace," about 1900 B.C. These later shrines demonstrated some features of their Early Bronze Age predecessors completely unchanged, as, for instance, the "blood-altars" with their built-in pottery receptacles, wooden cult-pillars and a profusion of ex-voto vessels and objects. Other features such as the "horns" of the shrine itself had reached a more advanced stage in their evolution (Fig. 2). These were now pairs of elaborately-shaped terra-cotta symbols, covered with stamped ornament; and a new feature of the structure which they adorned was a ritual cooking-niche, with a pottery vessel on a small vertical column; a more pretentious version, in fact, of the little shrines previously found in private houses. There was still a screen-wall behind the "horns," with an aperture through which offerings could be received. [Continued opposite.

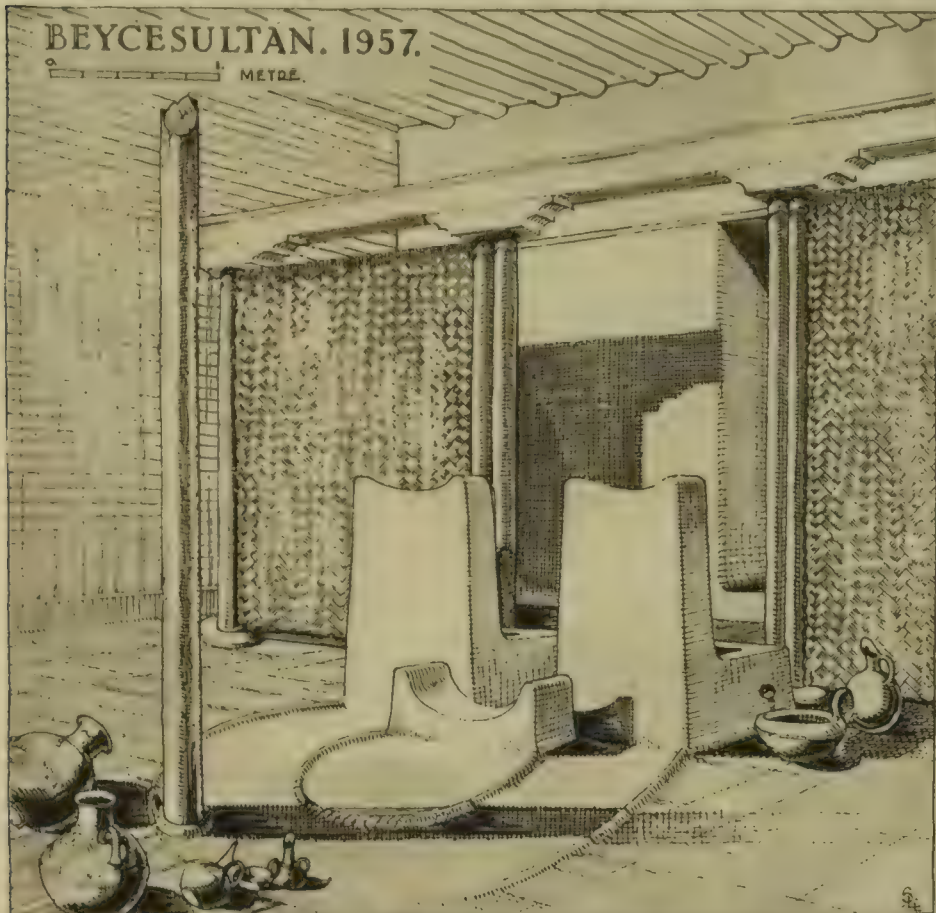


FIG. 1. LIGHT ON A HITHERTO UNKNOWN SUBJECT—THE RELIGIOUS RITUAL OF BRONZE AGE WESTERN ANATOLIA. A POSSIBLE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE EARLY BRONZE AGE SHRINE "B" IN LEVEL XIV AT BEYCESULTAN, DATING FROM C. 2400 B.C.

In this reconstruction drawing by Mrs. Seton Lloyd, only the upper parts of the *stelæ* and of the wooden screen are speculative, as all the remainder was preserved standing. In the modern village near the mound, where the survival of Bronze Age building methods has been repeatedly observed, pairs of such wooden posts are commonly used and are invariably capped with cross-pieces as shown here. The charred remains of the posts, as well as the wooden pillar before the shrine, still remained standing upright in their sockets. The filling-in of the side-panels with reed matting would provide a purpose for the screen, which is otherwise obscure. Matting of this weave was actually found lying flat upon the shrine floors. Whether the wooden pillar was surmounted with some symbolic device, like later Cretan examples, must remain uncertain.

fourth annual season of excavations at the site of Beycesultan, in south-western Turkey. The Director was, as usual, assisted in the field by Mr. James Meilaart and by members of the Institute, including Messrs. C. Burney, D. Stronach and J. Macqueen. The architectural recording was in the hands of two Architectural Association graduates, Mrs. S. Tomlin and Miss E. Beazley, while Mrs. Nihal Donmez represented

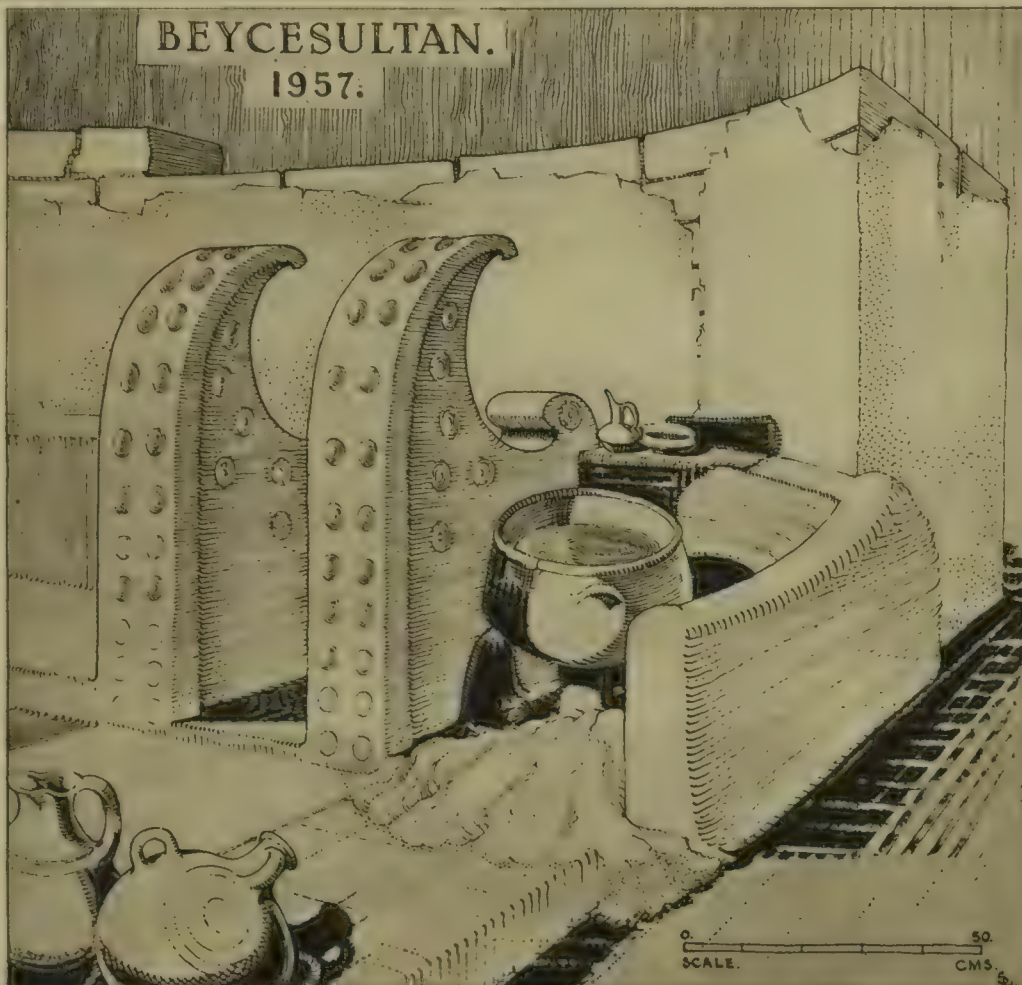


FIG. 2. THE HORNS OF SACRIFICE: A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE LATE BRONZE AGE SHRINE "B" IN LEVEL II AT BEYCESULTAN, DATING FROM ABOUT 1230 B.C.

The horns are of terra-cotta, stamped with concentric circles (see Fig. 4). They were found broken, but the survival of an intact pair in Level III made their exact reconstruction possible. The cooking vessel remained in place upon its circular clay support. It had been further supported by clay projections from the wall behind and in front by half a clay "andiron." There were fragments of animal bones among the ashes beneath. The height of the curved screen wall behind is uncertain. Between the horns it was penetrated by a circular hole large enough for a human hand to be passed through, and a pile of offerings lay behind it.

BEYCESULTAN HORNED ALTARS OF THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.



FIG. 3. TWIN SHRINES (CENTRE, WITH PLANE TABLE, AND RIGHT) OF THE LATE BRONZE AGE, FOUND AT LEVEL III AND DATING FROM ABOUT 1400 B.C. DETAIL OF THE HORNED ALTAR IS SHOWN IN FIG. 4.



FIG. 4. DETAIL OF THE CENTRAL SHRINE IN FIG. 3, TO SHOW THE PERFECTLY-PRESERVED TERRA-COTTA HORNS OF THE ALTAR, WHICH SERVED AS A BASIS FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF FIG. 6 IN FIG. 2.



FIG. 5. A SIDE VIEW OF THE ALTAR IN THE LEVEL II SHRINE (WHICH IS RECONSTRUCTED IN FIG. 2). THE BROKEN HORNS HAVE A CIRCULAR DESIGN. THE COOKING-POT IS *IN SITU*.



FIG. 6. THE LEVEL II (LATE BRONZE AGE) SHRINE, WITH THE COOKING-POT RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL POSITION. THE HOLE BETWEEN THE HORNS FOR PASSING OFFERINGS THROUGH CAN BE CLEARLY SEEN.

Continued.
The Late Bronze Age shrine-rooms took the form of long, narrow galleries, often with a small "priest's chamber" behind the shrine itself at one end. The Middle Bronze examples beneath, on the other hand, still retained the form of a *megaron*, with a small altar replacing the conventional circular hearth. In one case the "male" shrine was distinguished by a free-standing wooden pillar, set in a high square plinth, from which a stone-paved causeway led to the *megaron* porch. Each shrine again provided an interesting collection of ex-voto pottery and objects (Figs. 10 and 11). One feature which the two series of buildings had in common was their setting

on the periphery of the settlement. The earlier pairs were built end-wise against the enclosure wall, so that the worshipper faced towards the open country beyond. The same situation was chosen for the later sanctuaries.

[Continued overleaf.]

FROM BEYCESULTAN'S "MALE" AND "FEMALE" SHRINES: VARIED OFFERINGS.



FIG. 7. VOTIVE POTTERY FROM THE BEYCESULTAN SHRINES OF BLACK OR RED POLISHED WARE, WITH MATT WHITE PAINT DECORATION.



FIG. 8. A GROUP OF VOTIVE RITUAL VESSELS FROM THE SHRINES AT LEVEL XV (C. 2500 B.C.) (SEE FIG. 17), WITH "ROPE-PATTERN" HANDLES IN ALL CASES.



FIG. 10. A COIL OF ROPE FOUND LYING IN A WOODEN WATER TROUGH AT THE ENTRANCE TO A LATE BRONZE AGE SHRINE. EMBEDDED IN IT WAS A SMALL FLINT KNIFE (FOREGROUND).



FIG. 11. FOUND LAID OUT IN THIS FORM BEFORE THE ALTAR OF THE LATE BRONZE AGE SHRINE IN LEVEL II (SEE FIGS. 2 AND 6): A NECKLACE OF SHELLS AND OTHER SMALL TREASURES WHICH DATES FROM ABOUT 1230 B.C.



FIG. 13. VOTIVE POTTERY FROM THE SAME SHRINE AS THE "MOTHER GODDESS" FIGURINES. THE CENTRAL DISH IS AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE DESIGN.

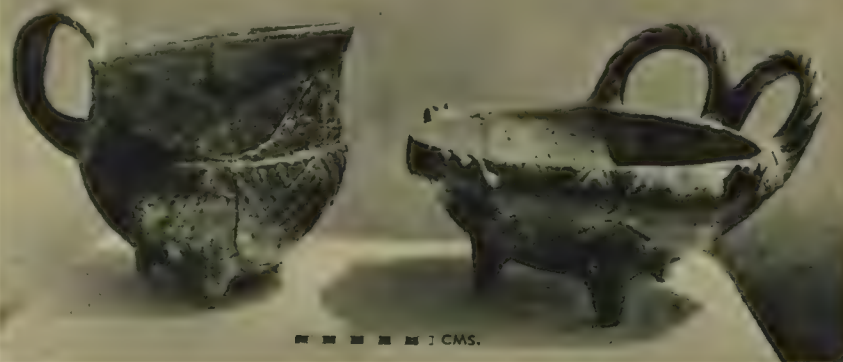


FIG. 9. A PAIR OF STRANGE RITUAL VOTIVE VESSELS ALSO FOUND IN THE EARLY BRONZE AGE SHRINES AT LEVEL XV, ONE OF WHICH HAS TWO "ROPE-PATTERN" HANDLES. BLACK POLISHED WARE WITH DECORATION EITHER INCISED OR WHITE-PAINTED.



FIG. 12. HIGHLY STYLISED "MOTHER GODDESS" FIGURINES IN MARBLE FROM THE EARLIEST SHRINE OF ALL—AT LEVEL XVII. THESE OFFERINGS ARE FOUND ONLY IN THE "FEMALE" SHRINES.



FIG. 14. A VARIETY OF VOTIVE POTTERY FROM THE EARLY BRONZE AGE SHRINE RECONSTRUCTED IN FIG. 1 (C. 2400 B.C.), THE ORNAMENT BEING EITHER PAINTED OR INCISED.

Continued.]
only their orientation being different, owing to the settlement having changed its shape in the interval. As for the period of time which they cover, if the earliest Early Bronze example should be dated to about 2700 B.C. and the latest Late Bronze sanctuary to about 1230 B.C., there is a gap between the two groups of hardly more than four centuries, which could no doubt be filled by penetrating deeper beneath the Middle Bronze buildings. We thus have a not-quite-complete sequence of religious buildings, providing very detailed material evidence of the ritual practices common in south-west

[Continued opposite.

WHERE THE EARLIEST PRIESTS OF BEYCESULTAN RECEIVED OFFERINGS.



FIG. 15. THE SHRINE SHOWN IN THE RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF FIG. 1, AS IT WAS REVEALED IN THE EXCAVATIONS AT LEVEL XIV. THIS IS ONE OF A PAIR AND IS THE "MALE" SHRINE.



FIG. 16. THE HORNED ALTAR OF FIGS. 1 AND 15, SEEN FROM BEHIND, WITH A RECEPTACLE FOR OFFERINGS AND, ON THE EXTREME LEFT, THE DOUBLE POST-HOLE FOR THE PILLARS OF THE SCREEN.



FIG. 17. EARLIER THAN THE ALTAR OF FIGS. 15 AND 16: BEHIND THE HORNED ALTAR OF A LEVEL XV SHRINE, A "FEMALE" ALTAR OR BLOOD ALTAR, WITH A CHANNEL AND A SUNKEN VESSEL TO CONTAIN THE LIQUID.



FIG. 18. A VERY PRIMITIVE PAIR OF SHRINES, FOUND AT LEVEL XVI (C. 2600 B.C.) AND DISCOVERED FAR BELOW THE LEVEL XIV SHRINE, WHICH STILL REMAINS IN PLACE IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND.

Continued.
Anatolia during a millennium-and-a-half of Bronze Age. Regarding the invaluable evidence of ceramic typology, our stratigraphic record is even more complete, since secular buildings have provided material to fill the gap. Also, when the earliest shrine had been cleared, our main sounding was this

year continued downwards to within about 4 metres of the original virgin soil. Here, in a chalcolithic stratum dating from about 3200 B.C., we exposed the foundations of a perfect miniature *megaron*, pre-dating by many centuries any building of this type yet found.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



PLANKTON.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

PLANKTON is a word, taken directly from the Greek, that has become within the last few decades almost a household word. It is applied to the mass of mainly microscopic organisms living near the surface of the water. These organisms include plants, or phytoplankton, and animals, or zooplankton, as well as large numbers that are neither plant nor animal. The plants are mainly diatoms, the animals are much more varied and include the one-celled Protozoa, small crustaceans, various eggs and larvæ, as well as larger forms such as jellyfishes and salps. All have one thing in common, that they float passively or at most swim weakly.

Except for the larger items, such as jellyfishes, the members of the plankton were unknown until J. Vaughan Thompson, an army surgeon and amateur naturalist, used a tow-net in 1828. This is a conical bag of fine muslin or silk gauze with its mouth held open, usually supported by a metal hoop, and carrying a receptacle, either a jar or a metal canister, at the other end. As the net is towed, water passes into it and out through the meshes, leaving the plankton behind, and this passes backwards to accumulate in the bucket, as the receptacle is called.

The vegetation of the sea with which we are more familiar are the seaweeds, growing on the shore and on the sea-bottom, but usually they peter out at about 40 fathoms. In the open seas only microscopic plants live, except for seaweeds torn from their moorings, the most famous of which are those of the Sargasso Sea. Such weeds live for a time but eventually die off, without reproducing. The microscopic plankton are often referred to as the pastures of the sea, a term fully justified by the estimates that the amount of plankton per acre is equal to that of the most lush areas on land.

Plants are nourished by taking in carbon dioxide and mineral salts, and under the action of sunlight, through the agency of the chlorophyll, converting these into starch and sugars. It is an essential difference from animals, which characteristically take their food whole; in fact, are dependent ultimately on plants for it. The food manufacture by plants is facilitated by certain physical conditions. Thus, the smaller an object the larger its surface in proportion to its volume. If the shape remains constant, the volume increases by the cube of its linear measurements. The surface increases only by the square.

There are several advantages springing from this relatively large surface area. First, the frictional resistance it offers to the water retards its sinking, for the same reason as dust particles float in the air. For the phytoplankton this means they will remain in the sunlit upper layers. Secondly, absorption of mineral salts is greater the greater the surface area. Thirdly, the relatively greater surface makes possible the higher absorption of the sun's rays. The phytoplankton is living, therefore, under the most favourable conditions, and what is lost in size is made up in numbers. Estimates show that a typical population of phytoplankton in sea-water may be 12,000,000 or more in a cubic foot, the number of animals in the same quantity of water being about 120.

Earlier, reference was made to plant-animals. These belong to a group known as flagellates and, although to-day these are included in the phytoplankton, they have been passed by the zoologists to the botanists and back to the zoologists like a

tennis ball, and like a tennis ball spend most of their time lying ignored by either side. The characteristic feature of the flagellates is that they have, at the front end of the single-celled body, one or more protoplasmic threads or flagella, so called because they beat in a whip-like manner. The result is much the same as that produced by the propeller of an aeroplane, the whip-like beating draws the body through the water.

There is, in fact, an anomaly here, for although flagellates are included in the plankton, which comprises by definition organisms that drift helplessly or swim feebly, relatively to their size



FORMING A PREDOMINANT PART OF THE PLANKTON IN CERTAIN PARTS OF THE OCEAN: A FEW OF THE SHRIMP-LIKE CREATURES KNOWN AS KRILL, UPON WHICH THE LARGE WHALEBONE WHALES FEED.



A TYPICAL SAMPLE OF PLANKTON (MANY TIMES ENLARGED) AS TAKEN FROM THE BUCKET OF A TOW-NET. THE CONTENTS WILL VARY ACCORDING TO THE DEPTH AND PLACE, BUT HERE IT CONSISTED MAINLY OF COMB-JELLIES OR SEA-GOOSEBERRIES (CTENOPHORA)

Photographs by Maurice G. Sawyers.

they are powerful swimmers. It is only when we measure their efforts by the standards of a whale or a large fish that they seem so puny; and measuring their movements against the vast expanses of the ocean they seem to us to be staying in one place, except in so far as the currents carry them about.

Another feature of these flagellates is that they have a red eye-spot at the forward end, sensitive to light. This causes them to swim towards zones of higher illumination, thus bringing them into the sunlit upper layers of the sea. Other than this they differ much among themselves. Some contain chlorophyll and to that extent are plant-like,

although they move about like animals. Others feed with the aid of sunlight but possess a substance like chlorophyll. Yet others have neither chlorophyll nor other plant-like properties and absorb mineral salts through the surface, thus bringing them nearer to typical animals in their method of feeding as well as their ability to move about.

On this phytoplankton, consisting of diatoms, other unicellular plants and the enigmatic flagellates, depends the rest of marine life. Many animals, from minute to medium-sized, feed directly upon them. Other animals, again minute to very large, feed upon a mixture of phytoplankton and the smaller animals feeding upon it. Thus mackerel feed on plankton, so does the giant basking shark (up to 40 ft. long) as well as the even larger whale shark (at least 50 ft. long).

In addition to the plankton-feeders, such as the mackerel and the two large sharks, that feed indiscriminately on plankton, there are others that take more especially certain kinds of plankton. The outstanding examples are the whalebone whales, which include the largest of all the whales. They take more especially the shrimp-like crustaceans (the Euphausiaceans) that occur in prodigious numbers in densely-packed swarms, especially in the Polar seas, and have been named krill by the Norwegian whalers.

It would not be possible in a short space to deal with the many different kinds of animals that constitute the zooplankton. As already stated, they include many eggs and larvæ, and these are naturally seasonal. This gives another clue to the nature of plankton, that it is not just a heterogeneous collection of plants and animals floating in the surface waters but a kaleidoscopic mass, varying with the seasons. It also varies with the time of night and day, for there are vertical movements from the surface layers to slightly deeper layers during the course of each twenty-four hours. The movements and changes, seasonal and diurnal, in the plankton determine much of the movements and migrations of the larger animals feeding on it.

In addition to eggs and larvæ, jellyfishes and the even smaller microscopic animals, the main constituent of the zooplankton consists of small crustaceans. One has already been mentioned, the krill of the whalers, and the others exist in equally prodigious numbers. It is not surprising, therefore, that they have been called the insects of the seas.

It would be a mistake, however, to allow the impression that plankton exists in the surface layers only. Similar populations of drifting or feebly-swimming organisms are found down through the depths of the seas and oceans, but below the levels where the light fails to penetrate these are wholly animal. When we consider the vast extent and depths of the seas, as well as the figures already given of the numbers of plankton per cubic foot of water, it can be readily realised how vast a supply of food it represented. It is, indeed, the basis of all life in the sea and of the varied fisheries harvests we draw upon. More, in addition to the plankton eaten at the surface and at all levels beneath, there is a vast mass which dies a natural death and slowly sinks to the bottom. One item alone may be linked with this. The supplies of petrol, upon which modern civilisation is supported, are believed to have been derived from the bodies of planktonic crustaceans that were buried in the sediments of the seas in past ages.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:
EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



TRAINING AT A NURSERY IN STOCKHOLM:
PRINCESS DESIRÉE OF SWEDEN.

Princess Désirée of Sweden is at present undergoing a four-month training course at a nursery in Stockholm. Her elder sister, Princess Margaretha, also trained at the nursery, the name of which is the Sällskapep Barnavård.



AN EARLY FILM STAR DIES:
MISS EDNA PURVIANCE.

Miss Edna Purviance, who died aged sixty-one in Hollywood recently, was leading lady in Charles Chaplin's earlier films. She had long been in retirement and was living in a home for aged actresses. She acted in slapstick comedy, and had a notable success in a serious rôle in "A Woman of Paris."



A HOLLYWOOD PIONEER: THE
LATE MR. JESSE L. LASKY.

Mr. Jesse L. Lasky, who died at Beverly Hills on January 13, was one of the three pioneers who made Hollywood a great film-producing centre, his partners being Cecil B. DeMille and Samuel Goldwyn. Before going to Hollywood, he took part in a gold rush and successfully produced light entertainment in New York.



TWO AIR PIONEERS GREET EACH OTHER: HENRY
FARMAN (LEFT) AND PIERRE VOISIN.

Henry Farman, the fiftieth anniversary of whose first circular flight of one mile was celebrated on Jan. 13 at Issy-les-Moulineau, France, was greeted at the ceremony by M. Voisin, the great pioneer aircraft designer.



LEAVING ENGLAND TO MEET HER HUSBAND IN NEW ZEALAND:
MRS. FUCHS, WITH (L.) DR. A. LISTER AND HER BABY SON.

Mrs. Fuchs, wife of the leader of the Antarctic expedition, boarded *Arcadia* at Tilbury on Jan. 14 to travel to New Zealand, where she is to be reunited with her husband. With her was Dr. Anne Lister, wife of a glaciologist with the Expedition.



THE COMPOSER OF THE IMPRESSIVE NEW
OPERA, "THE CARMELITES": M. F. POULENC.

M. Francis Poulenc, who was present at the first British stage performance of his opera, "The Carmelites," at Covent Garden on January 16, was born in France in 1899. "The Carmelites" has been hailed as his major composition to date.



ARRIVING IN LONDON FOR A SHORT VISIT: GENERAL MOSHE
DAYAN, THE ISRAELI CHIEF OF STAFF, WITH HIS WIFE.

General Moshe Dayan, the Israeli Chief of Staff, arrived in London for a short visit on Jan. 13, and the next day spoke at the annual dinner of a London committee of the Institute of Technology, Haifa, which is to open a new Winston Churchill Auditorium.



WITH HIS WIFE AFTER THE BIRTH OF THEIR DAUGHTER:
MONSIEUR GAILLARD, THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER.

Mme. Gaillard, the wife of the French Prime Minister, gave birth to a daughter on January 17 in a nursing home in Paris. The baby girl, who is to be named Isabelle, weighed 9½ lb. at birth, and both mother and child were reported to be doing well. Monsieur and Mme. Gaillard already have a son, Philippe, aged fifteen months.



IN LONDON TO ATTEND THE WEDDING OF A FRIEND:
THE KABAKA OF BUGANDA.

The Kabaka of Buganda arrived in London from Uganda on January 15 to attend the wedding of Captain R. Owen, one of his A.D.C.s when he returned to Uganda in 1955 from his exile in Britain. An African political leader has been arrested on a charge of plotting to assassinate the Kabaka.



RECENTLY MARRIED: MISS DAWN PALETHORPE, THE BRITISH
SHOW-JUMPING CHAMPION, AND MR. WOFFORD, OF KANSAS.

Miss Dawn Palethorpe, the British show-jumping champion, recently married Mr. Warren Wofford, of Milford, Kansas, it was announced on January 15. The couple met in Stockholm in 1956 when they were reserve riders for their respective countries in the Olympic Games. They are both twenty-one and the marriage was at Kidderminster Register Office.



HOW well-served we are nowadays by publishers! Book after book appears, with a wealth of illustration and highly intelligent notes, about famous and less famous painters. I have only two complaints—that they are all too expensive to command the allegiance of the wide public they would like to attract, and that their colour-work, however carefully done, very rarely reproduces the tones of the original in a satisfactory manner. I am well aware that the modern world has made wonderful progress in this last respect—none the less, it has some way yet to go before it has solved the problem. Good though the majority of the illustrations are, they can do little more than remind one of the colour subtleties of the original, as—to take but two pages at random from the Simone Martini* book noted here—anyone can judge for himself if he compares his memory of the vibrant blues and golds of the Uffizi "Annunciation" with the well-intentioned, but flat and lifeless, reproduction. I happened to pounce upon these two pages because this was a picture which made an overwhelming impression upon me when I first saw it; it was an unforgettable revelation then and remains an abiding memory. All this is not to complain about printers and block-makers but to point out that books are second best.

As to the claim of Simone to be numbered among the great masters, you have only to compare this "Annunciation" with the same subject by Fra Angelico to be convinced; the latter seems hopelessly sentimental and sugary by comparison. In this Heinemann volume, printed in Italy, with 42 colour plates and 64 illustrations, Giovanni Paccagnini comments upon the little that is known of the painter's life and work and has some interesting things to say about the so-far-unsolved problem of his early years. The point is that the earliest picture from his hand—that is, the earliest certain picture—is the magnificent "Virgin and Child with Saints" in the Palazzo Pubblico, Siena. This was painted in 1315, when he was thirty. Only four years previously, the "Virgin and Child" by Duccio had been placed in the Cathedral amid general rejoicing, and that great man could have expected to receive the commission for this other picture in the little city's most important public building. Instead, Simone was entrusted with the task—and produced a masterpiece. Such original work does not, in the ordinary course, spring up without some previous indication of genius. The city could hardly have given the commission to a young man who had as yet established no reputation: therefore—so runs the argument—there must be many early works by him either lost (or unrecognised), as we know many later works have been, including the miniature he painted for Petrarch with the portrait of Laura.

The last four years of his life were passed in the service of the Pope at Avignon, and it was here that he painted the lovely little "Holy Family" which to-day is one of the major

* "Simone Martini," edited by Giovanni Paccagnini. With 42 colour plates and 64 other illustrations. (William Heinemann Ltd.; 6 gns.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

SIMONE MARTINI—BOSCH—REMBRANDT.

treasures of the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool. As for that justly famous portrait of the Sienese mercenary, Guidoriccio da Fogliano, who rides eternally across a desolate landscape in the great fresco which faces "The Virgin and Child" and which was painted thirteen years later to celebrate a victory over Pisa—the author has several penetrating comments, including the following: "Simone has transfigured horse and rider into a

its no less quarrelsome neighbours, should be commemorated in so marvellous a manner!

A fine volume dealing with a very different kind of painter, Hieronymus Bosch, comes from Zwemmer,† printed in France and presumably translated from the original of Jacques Combe. We know extraordinarily few facts about this highly original painter. It is thought he was born about 1450 and he certainly lived and worked in what is now Bois-le-Duc or S'Hertogenbosch, remote from the main centres of painting in fifteenth-century Flanders. He died in 1516, leaving no followers—though he has been claimed by our modern surrealists as their legitimate ancestor. This claim, I suggest, is absurd if Surrealism implies the workings of the subconscious; the symbolism of Bosch, however strange and even revolting or merely silly it may seem to many of us, is deliberately contrived and has a serious moral purpose. The man was a genuine mystic at a time when heresy and sorcery were major sins, and his outstanding gifts were harnessed to the chariot of orthodoxy. His nightmare visions presumably made his contemporaries' flesh creep, and I suppose there are simple souls even now who can be edified by all his "Temptations of St. Anthony" made manifest or by the extraordinary "Garden of Delights."

We—or most of us—are bewitched not by the moral fervour by which he hopes to snatch our souls from the jaws of Hell, but by the sheer magic of his paint, by his handling of complicated forms; by the accuracy of his observation, the depth of his humanity—great events set against homely incidents, as when in the lovely "Adoration of the Magi" in the Prado, one of the shepherds looks on from the thatched roof of the rickety stable as the three Kings approach the Virgin, while St. Joseph has been banished to the yard to dry baby clothes at a small fire in the corner. The author explains this strange world of symbols at great length but concludes that: "The exact significance of the amazing world he created was, at the time, intelligible only to a few initiates whose culture and training were on a par with his own. It is extremely doubtful that even the élite among those acquainted with his works understood their secret import." Nor, I would venture to add, does it in the least matter.

The third book on the list is one of the smaller Skira volumes in the series "The Taste of Our Time"; it deals with Rembrandt,‡ the text translated from the German of Otto Benesch, Director of the Albertini, Vienna. A new book on Rembrandt appears every six months or so—and why not?—for of all painters, Rembrandt seems most to deserve the affectionate interest of all sorts and conditions of men, so deeply does he probe into our hearts. The little book is full of colour, includes some fine details and also two marvels not always reproduced in similar productions—"The Polish Rider," from the Frick Collection, New York, and the "Family Portrait," from Brunswick.

† "Jerome Bosch," by Jacques Combe. With 140 plates, many of them in colour. (Editions Pierre Tisné, Paris—distributed in Great Britain and the Dominions by A. Zwemmer Ltd.; 5 gns.)

‡ "Rembrandt." With a biographical and critical study by Otto Benesch. With 56 colour plates. (Skira—"The Taste of Our Time" Series—distributed in Great Britain and the Dominions by A. Zwemmer Ltd.; 45s.)



"VANITY," A DETAIL FROM HIERONYMUS BOSCH'S "THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS," THE FASCINATING PAINTED TABLE-BOARD IN THE PRADO AT MADRID: ONE OF THE COLOUR REPRODUCTIONS IN THE NEW BOOK ON BOSCH, WHICH IS AMONG THOSE REVIEWED HERE BY FRANK DAVIS.



ONE OF THE "TWO MARVELS NOT ALWAYS REPRODUCED IN SIMILAR PRODUCTIONS": REMBRANDT'S "THE POLISH RIDER," A WORK OF ABOUT 1655 IN THE FRICK COLLECTION, NEW YORK, WHICH IS ONE OF THE COLOUR PLATES IN "REMBRANDT"—A NEW VOLUME IN THE SKIRA "TASTE OF OUR TIME" SERIES.

single strange, sumptuous beast, draped in the rich heraldic stuff as if in a funeral pall, and creating a desert around it. It is a superb lyrical conception bathed in an atmosphere of fable." What an extraordinary chance that this obscure mercenary captain of no account, employed by a little city State in its squalid feuds with

FINE WORKS FROM THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM: A NEW YORK EXHIBITION.



"VIEW OF THE PIAZZETTA, VENICE": FRANCESCO GUARDI'S DRAWING FOR THE PAINTING ON THE RIGHT. IT WAS ACQUIRED AT THE WARWICK SALE IN 1936. (Pen and ink: 9½ by 15 ins.)



"VIEW OF THE PIAZZETTA, VENICE," BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-93): AMONG THE MASTERPIECES FROM THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, HARTFORD, EXHIBITED AT THE KNOEDLER GALLERIES, NEW YORK. (Oil on canvas: 18 by 29½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF MRS. SEYMOUR FORT," BY JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY (1738-1815). (Oil on canvas: 50 by 40 ins.)



"JANE AVRIL LEAVING THE MOULIN ROUGE," A CHARACTERISTIC PARISIAN STUDY BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC (1864-1901). (Essence on cardboard: 33½ by 25 ins.)



"A PHILOSOPHER," BY JUSEPE DE RIBERA, (1588-1652): RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE MUSEUM FROM THE LIECHTENSTEIN COLLECTION. (Oil on canvas: 49 by 39 ins.)



"MONET PAINTING IN HIS GARDEN," PAINTED BY RENOIR IN 1873: AMONG THE WORKS JUST RECEIVED BY THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM BY THE BEQUEST OF ANNE PARRISH TITZELL. (Oil on canvas: 19½ by 24½ ins.)



"THE ECSTASY OF ST. FRANCIS," BY CARAVAGGIO (1569-1609). THIS LOAN EXHIBITION CONTINUES IN NEW YORK UNTIL FEBRUARY 8, AND SOME OF THE PAINTINGS WILL LATER BE SEEN AT SARASOTA'S RINGLING MUSEUM. (Oil on canvas: 36 by 50½ ins.)

Founded in 1842 the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut, is America's oldest public incorporated museum, and its varied collections make it one of the country's leading smaller museums. Forty-four pictures from the Museum are being shown at the Knoedler Galleries, 14, East 57th Street, New York, for the benefit of the Wadsworth Atheneum's Building Fund. Included in this interesting exhibition, and shown for the first time since it has been acquired by the Museum, is Renoir's famous painting of "Monet Painting in

his Garden at Argenteuil." This is to be received by the Museum together with a number of other pictures, as a bequest of the late Anne Parrish Titzell, the well-known author. In this important bequest there are also works by Monet, Degas, Fantin-Latour and Van Gogh. In addition to the works shown here (which are reproduced by Courtesy of the Wadsworth Atheneum) the exhibition includes pictures by Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Delacroix and Corot, and French and German porcelain from the J. Pierpont Morgan Collection.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



A FEW days ago I was surprised, and delighted, to find that a 4-ft. bush of the white-flowered variety of *Daphne mezereum* in my garden was rapidly coming into flower. In fact, its erect stems were strung from top to bottom with quite a respectable crop of fully-open blossoms, and masses of fast-swelling buds, showing white, and ready to expand on the slightest provocation from our harlequin climate. This, in the first week in January, seemed to me to be unusually early even for such an unpredictably precocious plant.

The bush, one of three, planted fairly close together, and raised from seed seven or eight years ago, is not growing in a particularly sheltered position, and its two companions are far behind it in forwardness, whilst a number of the normal pink-flowered *D. mezereum*, though splendidly set with buds, show no promise of open blossom for a considerable time to come.

This good-natured, easily-grown, and early-flowering daphne might well be planted more often than it is in our gardens, and there need be no difficulty in procuring young specimens with which to make a start. Many, if not most, shrub nurseries stock it, and it is best, if possible, to buy fairly young pot-grown seedling plants. Older, open-ground specimens in the region of a couple of feet high, are apt to be a bit tricky, and to resent being transplanted, whilst the smaller pot-grown youngsters enjoy the advantage of starting with their roots complete and uninjured, and so are soon able to grow away with enthusiasm, and make up for their original littleness. If a start be made in this way with, say, a couple of young mezereums, a pink and a white, there should soon be not only a show of the deliciously fragrant flowers, but a crop of berries, from which more plants may be raised, as many more as are likely to be needed for the home garden, plus a pleasant surplus for giving away—or swapping with garden friends.

The berries of the pink *Daphne mezereum* are about the size of peas, and are brilliant scarlet with a glossy polished skin, and a well-grown bush with its forest of erect stems thickly studded from top to bottom, is a really splendid sight. The berries of the white-flowered mezereum are a fine golden yellow. I have in my garden a most attractive variety of *Daphne mezereum* whose flowers are a rich deep pink, almost crimson, and I greatly hope that seedlings from it will have flowers of the same fine colour. I have planted under this bush a scattered colony of blue scillas, and the two, flowering together, make a delightful zone of early spring colour.

It is important to remember that, in some gardens at any rate, birds are extremely fond of *Daphne mezereum* berries, and will strip the bushes directly they begin to colour. Here, in my garden, I find it necessary to net the mezereum bushes if any berries are to be saved for sowing. This is a bore, because a well-fruited bush of mezereum is a very fine sight in the garden, except when it is sitting in a tent of netting. But there seem to be gardens and districts where the mezereum berries remain unmolested until they fall naturally. Doubtless this depends

DAPHNE MEZEREUM.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

upon what particular species of orchard thieves infest the neighbourhood. I have never watched my fruiting mezereum bushes to find out what particular birds take the berries, but I have reason to suspect that greenfinches are the chief malefactors. But I used to know of a big bush of *Daphne mezereum* in a cottage garden, which became a blaze of scarlet berries every year, and the crop was always completely ignored by the local birds, of which there can have been no lack, for the cottage was in the depths of the country, a good three miles, as the fly crows, from any other habitation.

As a schoolboy I used to visit a colony of *Daphne mezereum* in the Craven Highlands of

scrub-growth, and they certainly had all the appearance of being truly wild. In the Alps, too, I have often met *Daphne mezereum*, usually at an altitude of 6000 or 7000 ft., and always on stony, shaly ground in open, exposed positions. For all I know, the plant may be found in other cosier, more congenial situations in the Alps than those with which I always associate it. But the mental picture which I retain of mezereum in the Alps is of rather starved and stunted little bushes, seldom more than 18 ins. or a couple of feet high, and with flowers looking almost blue-pink with the cold and exposure. How different are plants of mezereum enjoying the shelter and the relative fleshpots of cultivated soil in an English garden.

Apparently Reginald Farrer did not greatly admire *Daphne mezereum*, although he knew it in the wild state on his own native Ingleborough. In his "English Rock Garden" he says "there is no denying that the look of the shrub is leggy and stiff, and, while the crowded sweet flowers up the stems make a fine show, their colour is tainted with a heavy and poisonous tone that comes out also upon the heavy and acrid sweetness of the plant's breath." True, this daphne is capable, if poorly grown and neglected, of becoming "stiff and leggy," but that is surely the fault of the grower rather than of the plant. The rest of the description, "their colour... tainted with a heavy and poisonous tone" and the "acrid sweetness of the plant's breath," is one of those morbid patches of which Farrer was so fatally fond. His taste in colours ran to pinks and crimsons, which were innocent of any suspicion of blue in their make-up, but which, with a wash of yellow, ran rather to salmon and tinned salmon. However, we are all free to like and to dislike certain flowers, and their colours, and to describe them as they seem to us, personally.

A good many years ago a daphne called *D. pseudo-mezereum* made its appearance in British gardens. I rather think that it was sent home by one of the plant-hunters who were then ransacking the Far East for new treasure for our gardens at that time. I have a dim recollection of seeing *D. pseudo-mezereum* flowering in the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens—a bush like mezereum, with fine golden-yellow flowers. I remember, too, possessing a small specimen of this great treasure, and its dying on me with the promptitude in which very rare plants seem to take a delight. Of course, some plants are made like that. They like passing out, and do not hesitate to pander to their tiresome whim. On the other hand, I am inclined to think we are often tempted to assume that because a plant is rare and precious, it must be difficult, tender, and temperamental, with the result that we just fuss and pamper it to death. It might be well to remember that a newcomer plant-rarity may be perfectly tough and amenable, and if it is not, if it is going to demand endless fuss and pampering—or else—well, is it worth while devoting a lifetime to cossetting such a fuss-pot? There is no telling what the newcomer will demand, and surely the wiser course is to assume that it is prepared to behave like a reasonable being. If it is not—and it dies, then surely one is better without it. I wonder how *Daphne pseudo-mezereum* eventually decided to behave.



A RARE ENGLISH NATIVE; BUT A DELIGHTFUL AND COMMON DENIZEN OF COTTAGE GARDENS—THE EARLY-FLOWERING AND DELICIOUSLY FRAGRANT *DAPHNE MEZEREUM*. FROM A NINETEENTH-CENTURY WATER-COLOUR.

north-west Yorkshire, a colony which was reputed to be truly wild. The plant is a British native. These bushes grew on a steep hillside of limestone scree, among thinly-scattered, stunted tree- and

treasure for our gardens at that time. I have a dim recollection of seeing *D. pseudo-mezereum* flowering in the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens—a bush like mezereum,

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PIERCED WITH HUNDREDS OF SMALL APERTURES SET WITH COLOURED GLASS WHICH WILL BE ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT: A CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE SPIRES.



FORMING THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT PAVILION AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION: THE THREE 70-FT.-HIGH CRYSTAL-SHAPED SPIRES.



NEARING COMPLETION FOR THE OPENING OF THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION IN APRIL: THE GOVERNMENT PAVILION ON THE FIVE-ACRE BRITISH SITE.

A NOTABLE CONTEMPORARY DESIGN: THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT PAVILION AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION.

The 1958 Brussels Universal and International Exhibition opens on April 17, and work is already far advanced on the construction of the Government Pavilion. The architects, Mr. Howard V. Lobb and Mr. John Ratcliffe, have evolved a design inspired by the shape of the crystal—bearing in mind, perhaps, the Crystal Palace, which was the central feature of the 1851 Exhibition in London. The entrance, known as "The Crystalline Hall," consists of three inter-joined crystal-shaped spires, each 70 ft. high. This adjoins "The

Hall of Technology," a long and low building covered outside with pyramids of plywood in harmony with the shape of "The Crystalline Hall." While "The Crystalline Hall" will house displays illustrating British history and traditions, "The Hall of Technology" will be devoted to aspects of Britain to-day, with a special accent on scientific achievement. "Tradition and Progress" has been chosen as the theme of the official British displays, and the striking design of the pavilion gives added impetus to the theme

FROM RADAR TRAFFIC CHECKS TO A NEW BRIDGE: A NEWS MISCELLANY.



OLD AND NEW IN LINCOLN: THE NEW PELHAM BRIDGE, TO EASE TRAFFIC CONGESTION, WITH THE CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND.

For nearly two years work has been in progress on Pelham Bridge, Lincoln, which is to be officially opened by the Queen in the summer. The bridge, mounted on rubber bearings, replaces one of Lincoln's many level crossings, and will help solve the city's traffic problems.



A TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE TRACK: HARE SPY, THE GREYHOUND WITH A PLASTIC BONE REPLACEMENT, WINNING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

Hare Spy, whose broken hock was repaired last year by means of a plastic bone replacement, made a triumphant return to racing by winning the first race at Stamford Bridge on January 16. It is believed plastic has not been used in this operation before.



BEING DEMONSTRATED ON CHELSEA EMBANKMENT AND NOW IN USE IN LONDON: RADAR TO DETECT CARS EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT.



THREATENED WITH DEMOLITION: THE BIRTHPLACE IN BRISTOL OF W. FRIESE-GREENE, THE CINEMATOGRAPHY PIONEER.

The Georgian house in Bristol where William Friese-Greene, the pioneer of cinematography, was born just over a hundred years ago is threatened with demolition. Under a town-planning scheme, the place where it stands is intended for use as an extension to an existing car park. William Friese-Greene was born on September 7, 1855.



EAGERLY LOOKING FORWARD TO ANOTHER RACE: HARE SPY AFTER HER VICTORY AT STAMFORD BRIDGE ON JANUARY 16.



TESTING THE NEW RADAR EQUIPMENT: A POLICEMAN CARRYING OUT A CHECK TO ENSURE THE APPARATUS IS WORKING ACCURATELY.

Following recent extensive tests, the Metropolitan Police began using radar equipment for the detection of motorists exceeding the speed limit on January 20, when several drivers were stopped and allowed to continue after being cautioned. The equipment is American.

ITEMS POLITICAL AND NAVAL; A MANCHESTER FIRE; A LONDON LANDMARK.



AFTER A FIRE WHICH DID £250,000 WORTH OF DAMAGE: THE GUTTED RUINS IN MANCHESTER'S BELLE VUE AMUSEMENT AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS. On the night of January 16-17 a violent fire destroyed three ballrooms, restaurants and other premises at Manchester's Belle Vue amusement and zoological gardens. A curtain of water protected the zoo, although a lioness had to be shot.



LOOKING OVER THE DEVASTATION AT BELLE VUE, TOWARDS THE LION HOUSE, WHICH WAS SAVED, ALTHOUGH ONE LIONESS, JUDITH, HAD TO BE SHOT.



NOW FOR SALE: THE INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS' HALL, BUILT IN 1895, ON THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT AT THE WESTERN EXTREMITY OF THE TEMPLE. Owing to the amalgamation of the Institute of Chartered Accountants and the Society of Incorporated Accountants, the hall of the latter society is being sold as too small for the combined body. It was first built as a residence for the first Lord Astor.



THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL OF THE INCORPORATED ACCOUNTANTS' HALL, SHOWING THE HAMMER-BEAM ROOF, PANELLED WALLS AND GILDED PORTRAITS.



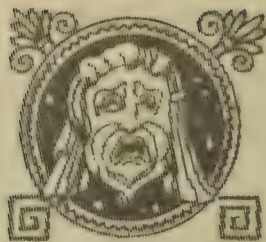
THE RECOMMISSIONING OF H.M.S. VICTORIOUS: THE SHIP'S COMPANY GATHERED ON THE HANGAR DECK FOR THE SERVICE HELD ON JANUARY 14.

H.M.S. *Victorious*, the sixteen-year-old carrier which has been rebuilt at a cost of nearly £15,000,000, was recommissioned on January 14. Photographs of her complete modernisation were reproduced in our issue of January 11. Among interesting new features is the use throughout of a type of linoleum which needs neither polishing nor scrubbing, and, indeed, only cursory maintenance.

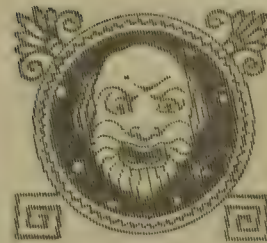


MR. PETER THORNEYCROFT SPEAKING ON THE REASONS FOR HIS RESIGNATION OF THE CHANCELLORSHIP TO HIS MONMOUTH CONSTITUENTS IN A NEWPORT HALL ON JANUARY 14.

Newport, although not in Mr. Thorneycroft's constituency of Monmouth, was chosen as the most convenient place for him to address those constituents on his reasons for resigning as Chancellor of the Exchequer. After giving his reasons, he denied any intention of gathering to him any body of revolt within the party, and said he had no wish to engage in fractious criticism.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



MAINLY WITH MUSIC

By ALAN DENT.

TWO new, elaborate, coloured American musical films are likely to do much better here than did the musical comedies of the same name on which they are founded. "Pal Joey" had a short run at the Princes three years ago, and since then "The Pajama Game" had a moderate success at the Coliseum. Neither became truly popular with playgoers in the sense in which each has already become popular with filmgoers.

This applies particularly to "Pal Joey," a piece which has quite a history. With a book by John O'Hara, lyrics by Lorenz Hart, and a score by Richard Rodgers, it was first seen away back in 1940, when it seemed a little too sophisticated even for New York. Its real triumph there came on its revival in 1952 with Harold Lang taking over from Gene Kelly as the cocky little dancer who is the piece's loose-moralled hero, and Vivienne Segal resuming her old part as the Chicago matron who finds him bewitching, bothering, and bewildering. On this occasion my own favourite among the American critics, John Mason Brown, forgave the piece for its "unflagging cynicism," and even set up a justifiable comparison between it and "The Beggar's Opera":—"The taste of the town, whether in the London of John Gay's time or the New York of John O'Hara's, has almost always been in the realm of musicals for spangled nonsense, for plots with happy endings and no relation to life, and for sweet romances about young men and maidens who, however nitwitted, are passed off because of their virtue as heroes and heroines. This is why Mr. O'Hara must be welcomed with Mr. Gay as an innovator." He goes on to describe Pal Joey himself as a cad, a heel, a braggart, a

hooper into a singer or crooner. But the astonishing thing about this still young man is that he now acts even better than he sings. He is thoroughly inside this part, full of exactly the right sort of calculated insolence. In a big scene, which I cannot remember at all in the stage piece,

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



FRANK SINATRA AS JOEY EVANS AND RITA HAYWORTH AS VERA SIMPSON IN COLUMBIA'S "PAL JOEY."

In choosing these two stars Alan Dent writes: "Playing together quite brilliantly as the singer-hero and the ex-strip-teaser turned into a society-matron in Chicago, Frank Sinatra and Rita Hayworth fulfil the two chief rôles in 'Pal Joey,' an exciting new film made out of the O'Hara-Hart-Rodgers musical play of the same title. Their performance, like the play itself, is worldly, unsentimental, witty, not easily resisted."

superintendent. There is some pretence of a quarrel between the two. But in next to no time—i.e., in about an hour from the start—the two are singing at each other the piece's best and most pleasurable song, "Hey there—you with the stars in your eyes." It is a great relief for the factory-staff as well as for the audience when the pajama-workers have an annual outing or picnic, and dance and frisk and frolic for twenty minutes or so with a positively "Oklahoma"-ish zest. Miss Day's freckles, snub-nose, and lovely grin amply make up for any slight deficiency in the matters of vocal attack or acting ability. She is very handsomely partnered by John Raitt, who took the same part in the Broadway production which lasted a great deal longer than the London one. This film, incidentally, has undoubtedly far more gaiety and fun than the stage show.

Music also plays its part, though it is really a quite irrelevant part, in "Perri," the first Disney "True-Life Fantasy." Without the music, in fact—and, even more especially, without the intolerably sentimental commentary (couched this time in rhymed verse, if you please)—this would be an enthralling little film about wild life in the wastes of Utah and Wyoming. *Perri* is a baby pine squirrel which we watch growing up and learning to avoid all the dangers that beset a little animal surrounded by larger animals and predatory birds. The flavour of the film's somewhat nauseating commentary is reflected in the style of the programme:—"By the time *Perri* has become an expert climber with a wonderful talent for dancing and acrobatics, she feels the urge to be alone, to secure a nest of her own. Having matured



"QUITE MIRACULOUSLY PHOTOGRAPHED AND BRILLIANTLY EDITED": WALT DISNEY'S "PERRI"—A DRAMATIC SHOT SHOWING A WHITE SNOWSHOE HARE LEAPING FROM A SNOWDRIFT AS IT IS PURSUED BY A WEASEL.

he sings an old ditty of Richard Rodgers, "The Lady is a Tramp," and points it directly at his hostess who, though now a highlight of Chicago society, was erstwhile professionally known as Vanessa the Undresser. He follows this up by challenging the lady, all in the cause of charity, to perform her old stage-act there and then at the height of her own party. Miss Hayworth's suppressed fury suddenly melting into the abandonment with which she takes up the challenge and delivers a tempestuous ditty called "Zip" is to be seen

to be relished. The whole thing makes an entertainment of rare if not particularly pure delight.

About "The Pajama Game" there is far more of that "spangled nonsense" which Mr. Mason Brown and the rest of us expect to find in musical comedy, despite the fact that most of it happens in a sleeping-garment factory. Pretty Doris Day, who is a factory-hand and head of the "grievance committee," falls in love with a stalwart new

liar, a rabbit, and a gigolo. And all these things he certainly is. But he has moreover—and like Captain Macheath—a charm that excuses his lack of sentiment and his general deplorableness.

Now come along Frank Sinatra and Rita Hayworth to make a filmed musical of it that is successful past question. Oddly enough Mr. Sinatra made a feature of the famous song "Bewitched" when he made his personal appearances here a few years ago—I say "oddly enough" because he has not till now appeared in the play itself, and because the song is sung by the lady and not by her pal. It need hardly be said that the song is made glamorous and full of a strange kind of worldly-wise sadness by Miss Hayworth, who is throughout the film in far better form than she has shown for many a long day. It is still more of a triumph, all the same, for Mr. Sinatra, who has quietly become an almost startlingly good actor. He turns Joey from a dancer or



HEROINE OF WALT DISNEY'S FIRST "TRUE-LIFE FANTASY": THE PINE SQUIRREL WHO PLAYS THE TITLE ROLE IN "PERRI," A FILM BASED ON THE NOVEL BY FELIX SALTEN. (LONDON PREMIERE; STUDIO ONE, DECEMBER 19.)

into a beautiful girl squirrel, she wanders away from her family in search of adventure in the forest. Now, *Perri* meets Porro, a dapper pine squirrel bachelor." The romance culminates in a song sung by one of those unheavenly choirs of mixed female voices; and the song, believe me or believe me not, is entitled "Together Time."

All this sugary nonsense should not blind—or rather deafen—one to the fact that this film has been quite miraculously photographed and brilliantly edited. In one shot *Perri* is attacked by a sinister pine-marten and saved by a goshawk swooping down to kill the larger animal while the little one escapes. The editorial cut is made in the split second before we realise that the intense drama has turned into horror. One could easily envisage the horror. But the children all around one gasped and chuckled in sheer delight. What little beasts we gradually develop from!

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"WINDOM'S WAY" (Generally Released: January 20).—Peter Finch is excellent as a doctor coping with native problems in a country which should be far more clearly specified.

"THE DEVIL'S HAIRPIN" (Generally Released: January 13).—For all who relish the perilous pleasures of motor-racing.

"THE STORY OF MANKIND" (Generally Released: January 13).—An all-star cast in one of the oddest epics ever made, a masterpiece of puerility, one of whose many climaxes (or anti-climaxes) is a glimpse of Harpo Marx as Sir Isaac Newton.

GRAVITY DEFIED: A UNIQUE FILM SEQUENCE OF A FRENCH EXPERIMENT.



INSIDE A FRENCH AIRCRAFT: A PASSENGER SEEN COMFORTABLY SEATED BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF A LOSS OF GRAVITY EXPERIMENT.



NEITHER FALLING NOR RISING: CENTRIFUGAL FORCE AND GRAVITY BEGIN TO "BALANCE" AND THE PASSENGER "FLOATS" OUT OF HIS SEAT.



IN MID-AIR IN MID-AIR: THE PASSENGER BEGINNING TO LOOP HIS OWN LOOP.



THE AIRCRAFT CONTINUES TO TURN AND THE PASSENGER TO TURN TURTLE.



"I CAN'T REALLY HELP THIS AS I HAVE LOST MY GRAVITY."

The film sequence from which a series of shots are shown here was taken on board a French aircraft during recent loss of gravity experiments in flight. When an aircraft "flies in a certain arc centrifugal force and gravity are balanced in such a way that a passenger inside the aircraft will float" out of his seat if he is not fitted with a safety-belt. In this sequence the passenger fairly gradually rose from his seat—then more suddenly turned over and "bounced" along the ceiling, to be unceremoniously dumped in



A CHANGE FROM THE CEILING: A FLOATING EYEVIEW OF THE FLOOR.

a heap at the back of the pilot's seat when the aircraft had completed its turn. The behaviour of a glass of water was even more remarkable. Instead of spilling all over the floor, the water "stood up like a liquid tower and waved about like a snake." It is hoped that experiments such as this will give French scientists investigating the effects of space travel some idea of what will happen when inter-planetary flight brings man beyond the forces of gravity. (Photographs from a film sequence by Visnews, London.)

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE CHOICE OF THE WEEK.

THIS week we have an event, which casts its shadow before. That is to say, the mere proximity of "Last Tales," by Isak Dinesen (Putnam; 18s.), excites not only a thrill of anticipation but a certain disturbance of the nerves. She (for one might as well give Baroness Blixen her proper name) is an uncomfortable presence, to put it mildly. In an age of novel-writing, when even short stories are apt to be novels in little, she is a true storyteller; and her art, if not absolutely in the grand style, is at least a suburb of the grand style. As, into the bargain, she is a highly self-conscious theorist, it can be no surprise to find a disquisition on all these points in *The Cardinal's First Tale*. We are somewhere in the mid-nineteenth century; and Cardinal Salvati, that archangelic, faintly sulphur-smelling Prince of the Church, is contrasting the new art—the "literature of individuals"—with its obsolescent but "divine" forerunner. Human characters appeared on the sixth day; the story was from the beginning. Unlike the novel, it has a hero and heroine. Whatever they are in themselves, it will immortalise them; and they need not worry about material, for it will provide. "It will separate the two, in life, by the currents of the Hellespont and unite them, in death, in a Veronese tomb." It is never stayed by its human beings, but "goes on, and in a while calmly informs us, 'This is the promised end.'" Which may seem cruel, but in which it is taking pattern by the Divine Artist. "Do you," the Lord asks his neophyte, "take it that I have meant to create a peaceful world . . . or a pretty and neat world . . . or a world easy to live in? . . . Or do you hold and believe that I have resolved to create a sublime world?"

Without entering on this notion of an æsthetic deity, one may point out that Baroness Blixen's world is hardly the world, and that her stories are hardly the Story as described. The Story is simple. It is inexorable, rather than cruel; it is not sentimental: it is not "gothic." But it may now be impossible to write; and these perverse, noble, pseudo-Romantic figments—the grand bizarre—make up with intellectual coruscation and challenge for a simplicity that has gone.

This volume shows only external signs of being Baroness Blixen's last. Its *Caryatides*, a long fragment about incest and witchcraft in the Dordogne, is almost tantalisingly rich; in the lord-and-serf tragedy of *A Country Tale* we have a pendant to *Sorrow-Acre*; and *Night Walk*, the high point in a study of betrayal and remorse, dazzles like a flash of lightning. There is no decay; there is even a new monumental quality.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Italian Wife," by Emyr Humphreys (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.), strikes one as oddly lacking in grip. First we have a young man in search of himself, and incidentally of a father-figure. Chris has already a father—a tycoon who publishes magazines, and aspires to be a political hidden hand—but they don't get on; or at best only through Paola, the tycoon's serious and dutiful second wife. Just now the elders are on a visit to Austria, while the young man has discarded a father-substitute and met a girl.

Though he is twenty-six years old, Marisa is his first love. He learns that she is the daughter of his father's *bête noire*, and that in Italy they are almost neighbours. He travels home with her. Paola returns to the other villa. But the tycoon, unwisely, is on an escapade. For Paola, that was the last straw; since then her latent passion for Chris has been a raging disease . . .

And now we grasp, not indeed what everything else is for (which I still don't know) but what it was leading up to. We are in the middle of *Phèdre*—with Marisa as Aricie, and Paola's sister in the modified rôle of the nurse. Mr. Humphreys has turned a story into a novel. He is a good writer; but it doesn't come off.

"Aubade," by Kenneth Martin (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d.), was written at the age of sixteen. It is very slight: the tale of one summer in adolescence. Paul has just left school. He lives in a "beautiful place by the sea," but in a mean home, with a father who has no guts and a mother who has no love. He is broody and at a loose end—wanting nothing definite, except to be friends with "Gary," whom he used to see in church. And it comes about. They love each other. Then Paul shies off—and then, on the eve of parting, they are happy. Limited but crystalline.

In "4.50 From Paddington," by Agatha Christie (Collins; 12s. 6d.), a man strangling a woman in a train has the ill luck to be observed by a friend of Miss Marple's in a parallel train. Miss Marple informs the police—but there is no body. She reconsiders: and, after close study of the terrain, persuades Miss Eyesbarrow (a well-connected, mathematical super-help) to take a post at Rutherford Hall and look for a corpse. The corpse is forthcoming. The family at the Hall—an old miser with a resident daughter and intermittent sons—begin to die off. The last of them will get everything, on a tontine system. And still we don't know *who* was killed in the train. . . . No loss of cunning; very good average.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT seemed to me a rather subdued Hastings Premier Tournament this year. Paul Keres saw to that; without fuss or fireworks, he tucked away first prize with a round to spare.

It happened to be his forty-second birthday when he beat the Scandinavian champion Olof Sterner to total 7½ points. With only one game left, his closest rivals Gligoric and Filip, each on 6, could not even equal him, whether he won, lost or drew on the morrow.

Thus he had a double cause for celebration. A crowd of his supporters invited him into the bar of his hotel. Without in any way breaking up the party, he confined himself to an orange-squash and shortly adjourned to the billiard room, where he spent the rest of the evening placidly engaged in fourth-rate snooker with your correspondent and two lower-section players. Keres's lack of "side" is all the more noteworthy when one recalls that in his native country, where chess is esteemed more highly than here, he is quite a national figure.

So the Premier was quiet. There were, however, no fewer than sixteen other tournaments at Hastings, and in one of these was played quite the most fantastic game I have seen for many a day. To drive your opponent's king out into the open board is the average chess-player's most cherished dream. In perhaps one game out of a hundred you manage to bring this off: and you have your opponent at your mercy.

Here, Black's king is driven from his original square right down to White's QB2, but on arriving there, instead of meeting a grisly doom, he actively participates in subjecting his opposite number to a snap mate-in-three. You must excuse me from annotating the game: the very thought of it leaves me speechless.

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

D. G. ELLISON	A. HALL	D. G. ELLISON	A. HALL
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4	17. Kt-B7ch	K-B4
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	18. P-QKt4ch	K-B3
3. B-B4	Kt-B3	19. Kt×Pch	K-Q3
4. Kt-Kt5	B-B4	20. Kt-B4ch	K-B3
5. Kt×BP	B×Pch	21. B-K8ch	B-Q2
6. K-B1	Q-K2	22. P-Kt5ch	Kt×P
7. Kt×R	P-Q4	23. B×Bch	K×B
8. Kt-B3	B-Kt3	24. Q-Kt4ch	K-B3
9. Kt×P	Kt×Kt	25. Kt-K5ch	K-B4
10. B×Kt	Kt-Q5	26. B-K7ch	K-Q5
11. P-Q3	Q-B3ch	27. Q-Q7ch	K-B6
12. K-K1	Q-R5ch	28. B-Kt4ch	K×BP
13. P-KKt3	Q-R6	29. R-KB1	R-KB1!
14. B-B7ch	K-K2	30. R×R	Q-Kt8ch
15. B-Kt5ch	K-Q3	31. R-B1	Q-K6 mate!
16. B-R5	Q-Kt7		

It was A. Hall who, during the Universities' informal tour of Yugoslavia last summer, won one game in thirteen moves as follows: 1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. Kt-KB3, P-Q3; 3. P-Q4, P×P; 4. Kt×P, Kt-KB3; 5. Kt-QB3, P-QR3; 6. B-KKt5, QKt-Q2; 7. B-QB4, P-K3; 8. Castles, P-Kt4; 9. B×KP, P×B; 10. Kt×KP, Q-Kt3; 11. Kt-Q5, Kt×Kt; 12. Q×Kt, R-R2; 13. Kt-B7ch, Resigns.

This young Oxford undergraduate has already lived a chess lifetime!

observing the movements of rare and unco-operative birds. The illustrations are by Peter Scott, and that alone would make the book a delightful possession. There is one, on p. 167, which reminded me poignantly of a children's A.B.C. which enlivened my very early youth:

No, dear children, this is not a
Poor wet pussy, but an otter!

Although Christmas is over, reindeer are still, as it were, in season, and I must spare a line or two to recommend Mr. Felice Bellotti's "The Great North" (André Deutsch; 21s.). There is, perhaps, little warmth about his Laplanders, but it is surprising that a southern writer has managed to extract so much. His book is like the description of the Finns which he quotes: "calm, simple, and good-natured."

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL, AND TALES OF A WILDFOWLER.

ON Saturday, April 2, 1836, Charles Dickens married Catherine Hogarth. This is a circumstance which has puzzled his biographers, because from the first he seems to have felt that the *ménage* should be bolstered up by one of his sisters-in-law. The first of these was Mary Hogarth, and when she died a year later, Dickens wrote of her that she had been "the peace and life of our home." Her place was taken later by her younger sister, Georgina Hogarth—and she did not die. On the contrary, she survived to become the prop which supported the Dickens family, even after Charles's final separation from Catherine in 1858. Of course, in Victorian England, this led to scandal. A typical comment was: "England is beating her obstinate head against marriage with a deceased wife's sister, but here it is the living wife's sister superseding the living wife. . . ."

In "Georgina Hogarth and the Dickens Circle" (Oxford; 30s.), the American Professor Arthur A. Adrian has finally torpedoed these libels. He argues, circumstantially and with the fullest quotations to bear him out, that Charles Dickens regarded Georgina in the light of the best and dearest of friends, for whom he had no romantic or passionate feeling whatever. That part of his life was played by Ellen Ternan. The fact which makes Professor Adrian's thesis fully convincing is Georgina's attitude to Miss Ternan. There was no resentment or jealousy. To Georgina, Miss Ternan was one of those angelic beings—and Georgina divided the world into angels and devils, according as each individual worshipped, or failed to worship, her own idol—who loved Charles and played a positive part in his life. All this is thoroughly convincing, and vindicates the lady completely. What puzzles me is why the book was written? As a contribution to the already swollen corpus of Dickensiana, it will have a place, and an honoured place. As a straight biography, it will disappoint all but the addicts.

The book can be divided into two different halves. Throughout the first half, it is Dickens himself who dominates its pages. Georgina herself emerges as the palest of shadows, hardly more substantial than her fat, vapid sister Catherine, who has at least some action to contribute to the drama, if only through her constant lyings-in. After his death, Georgina begins to take shape, but only as the "guardian of the Beloved Memory," grappling with her duties as executor; as the "Auntie" without whom the highly unsatisfactory family felt itself collectively and individually lost; as a venerable link—until her death at an advanced age in 1917—with the memory of the great novelist. Professor Adrian is kind to her. He excuses her bowdlerizations of Dickens's correspondence. He explains her as a kind of "Agnes Wickfield"—lacking, of course, Agnes's final fulfilment as David Copperfield's wife. But for my part, I wonder if it has been worth my while to make Georgina's acquaintance?

I come back to home ground when I take up Mr. Richard Hayward's "Border Foray" (Arthur Barker; 15s.). This is an account of a motor tour along the twisting, illogical, and dangerous border which divides Ulster from Eire. Mr. Hayward admits that in every comment he makes he is liable to offend one side or another—and of course he is right. But—writing as one who is by no means uncommitted in this respect—I must confess that he has done it very well indeed. He gives me the impression of a trick cyclist deliberately wobbling his way along a tight-rope. The spectators think he will fall, but the experts know he will not. Besides, Mr. Hayward is a genuine lover of Ireland, North or South.

His book is topographical, with some occasional incursions into geology and botany, in both of which the author is proficient. He believes that Ulster has, from pre-history, been separate and apart. He believes that none of the great Irish heroes has any real existence. With a sigh, one admits his contentions. But for those who do not know that enchanting border country, the colours have been spread a trifle too thinly.

As a contrast, "Tales of a Wildfowler" (Collins; 21s.), by Arthur Cadman, will be of far wider interest than one might imagine to readers who neither take out a gun nor sit for hours in swamps observing the movements of rare and unco-operative birds. The illustrations are by Peter Scott, and that alone would make the book a delightful possession. There is one, on p. 167, which reminded me poignantly of a children's A.B.C. which enlivened my very early youth:

No, dear children, this is not a
Poor wet pussy, but an otter!



Wood engraving by John Farleigh

The Floating Mountain

THE WRITINGS of Ibn-Battutah, a 14th-century traveller, make lively reading. Once, in the Java Sea, his boat was caught in the monsoon and tossed about for forty days. Suddenly the clouds lifted and the seamen saw a mountain rising from the sea. The whirlwind rushed them towards it. When they were but ten miles away the mountain seemed to hover between sky and sea. The sailors wept, and bade one another farewell. "What we thought was a mountain is a roc. This monster bird will surely destroy us." But all at once a favourable wind arose and carried them to safety. So Ibn-Battutah never knew what he had seen—an airborne mountain or the legendary roc.

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JANUARY, which in the past has generally meant a pause in art activities, has begun this year with two superlative exhibitions: the National Trust has been given hospitality at Christie's, and the Royal Academy has returned to its time-honoured custom of opening its Winter Loan Exhibition in the New Year instead of allowing the public to sample it in December and then forget about it over Christmas. Add to this Agnew's Water-colour Exhibition—the 85th annual—and, for February, the collection of Old Master Drawings and English Water-colours built up by Mr. A. D. Pilkington mainly during the past fifteen years—and the lover of fine things has not much to complain about.

The National Trust display puts before him just the rare and, on the whole, rather small objects which it is easy to overlook on a summer day's visit to a great house, and gives him a notion of the remarkable things which the Trust administers, while the Burlington House Exhibition draws upon dozens of provincial museums in France to present a picture of the world of painting and, to some extent that of the decorative arts, in the age of Louis XIV.

Someone with a passion for statistics has given his opinion that to see everything now in the National Trust Exhibition on its home ground would entail a round trip of about 1500 miles—for the French Exhibition, a good 6000, France being more than three times the size of this island and having more local museums. Some

people find this show a trifle dull, possibly because there's a certain dissonance between two types of painting—the official and the unofficial—and possibly because enthusiasts for paint sometimes begin with the tapestries (the finest Gobelins in the world) and tapestry-lovers with the paintings. The two arts rarely seem to impress the same persons.

While these two very fine exhibitions have been on, the two main auction rooms have been holding their horses. Even so, one or two nice things have made their appearance elsewhere and, contrary to the wishes of bargain-hunters, have not gone for a song; a small French eighteenth-century kingwood marquetry table, for example, turned up at the Motcomb Galleries and changed hands at £580, and a by no means extraordinary sofa table at Rogers, Chapman and Thomas—probably made in about 1810—went up to £205, instead of the £40 or £50 which would have been expected of it a few years ago. But, then, all these early nineteenth-century pieces are in favour; a set of chairs of about the same date was sold by Knight, Frank and Rutley in 1910 for £30—a few months ago the same six chairs made £200 in the same rooms.

Whatever future generations may think of Picasso there is no question as to his influence upon his contemporaries. "The Picasso Mystery," a film by Henri-Georges Clouzot, is the most recent attempt to elucidate the puzzle with the great man himself working on and discussing original drawings and paintings.

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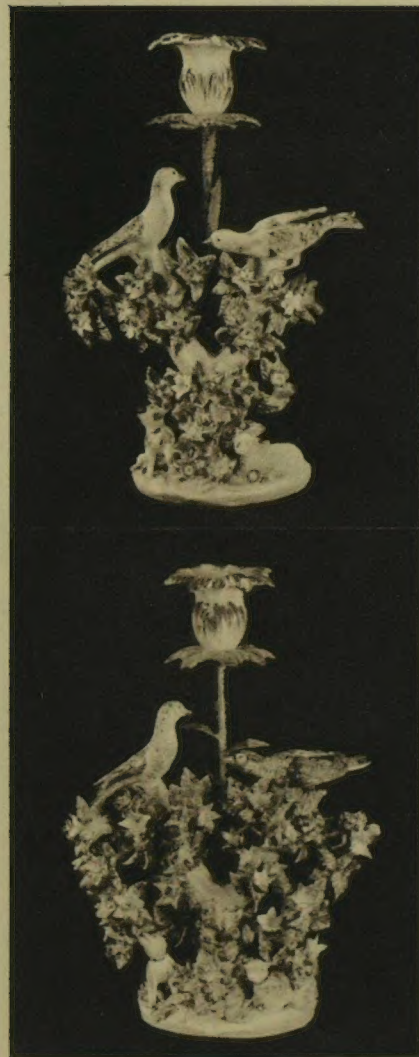
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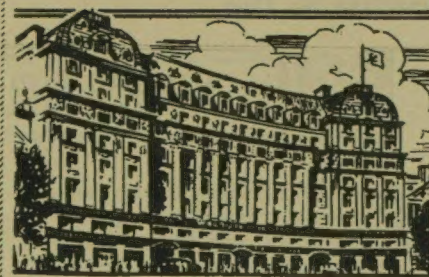
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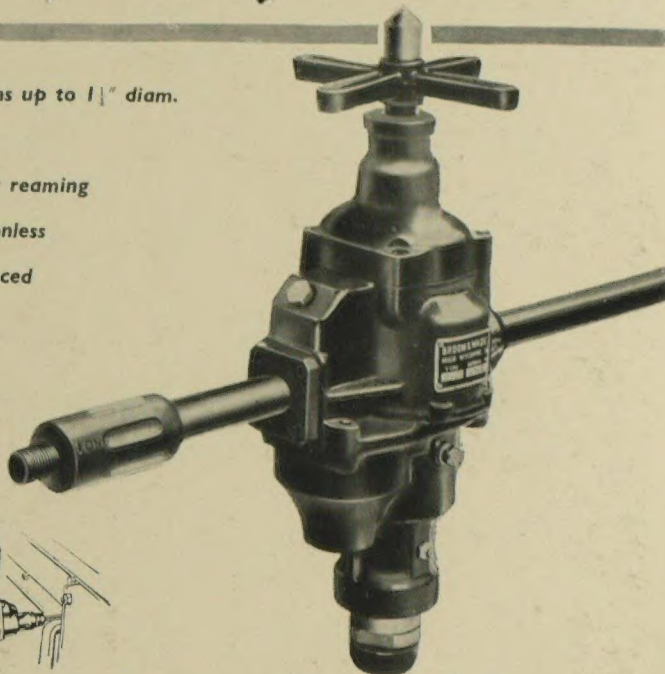
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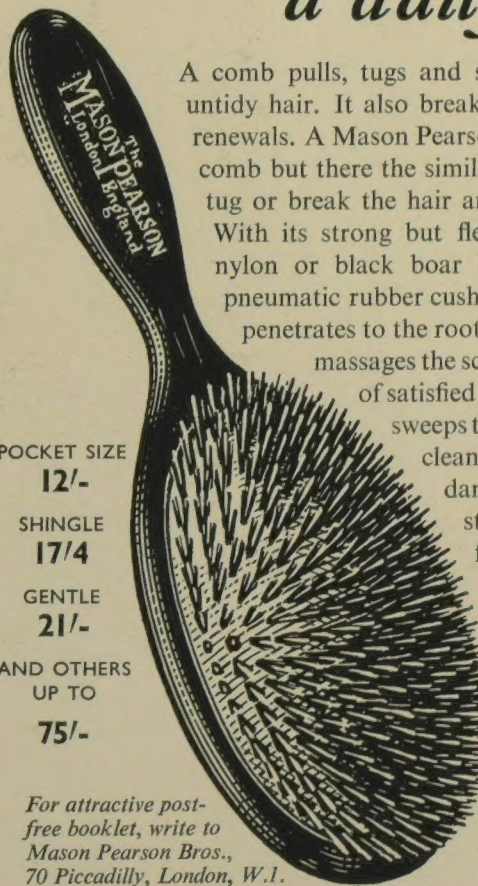
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